

READINGS AND RECITATIONS
FOR WINTER EVENINGS

From
Menn. Auxiliary
Bloom.

Nov. 1973

READINGS AND RECITATIONS

FOR WINTER EVENINGS.



FROM THE BEST WORKS OF FAMOUS AUTHORS OF
MANY LANDS.

COMPILED BY B. J. FERNIE.

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READINGS AND RECITATIONS.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

BY JULIA WARD HOWE.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of
the Lord:

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes
of wrath are stored;

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible
swift sword:

His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch fires of a hundred
circling camps;

They have builded Him an altar in the evening
dews and damps;

I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and
flaring lamps.

His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows
of steel:

"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my
grace shall deal;

Let the Hero born of woman, crush the serpent
with his heel,

Since God is marching on."

He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall
never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his
judgment seat:
Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him! Be jubi-
lant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across
the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you
and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make
men free,
While God is marching on.



SEWING ON A BUTTON.

FROM THE DANBURY NEWS.

It is bad enough to see a bachelor sew on a button, but he is the embodiment of grace alongside a married man. Necessity has compelled experience in the case of the former, but the latter has depended upon some one else for this service, and fortunately for the sake of society, it is rarely he is obliged to resort to the needle himself. Sometimes the patient wife scalds her right hand, or runs a sliver under the nail of the index finger of that hand, and it is then the man clutches the needle around the neck and, forgetting to tie a knot on the thread, commences to put on the button. It is always in the morning, and from five to

twenty minutes after this he is expected to be down street. He lays the button exactly on the site of its predecessor, and pushes the needle through one eye, and carefully draws the thread after, leaving about three inches of it sticking up for leeway. He says to himself, "Well, if women don't have the easiest time I ever see." Then he comes back the other way and gets the needle through the cloth easy enough, and lays himself out to find the eye, but, in spite of a great deal of patient jabbing, the needle point persists in bucking against the solid parts of the button, and finally, when he loses patience, his fingers catch the thread, and that three inches he has left to hold the button slips through the eye in a twinkling, and the button rolls leisurely across the floor. He picks it up without a single remark, out of respect for his children, and makes another attempt to fasten it. This time, when coming back with the needle, he keeps both the thread and button from slipping by covering them with his thumb; and it is out of regard for that part of him that he feels around for the eye in a very careful and judicious manner, but eventually losing his philosophy as the search becomes more and more hopeless, he falls to jabbing about in a loose and savage manner, and it is just then the needle finds

the opening and comes up the button and part way through his thumb with a celerity that no human ingenuity can guard against. Then he lays down the things with a few familiar quotations, and presses the injured hand between his knees, and then holds it under the other arm, and finally jams it into his mouth, and all the while he prances and calls upon heaven and earth to witness that there has never been anything like it since the world was created, and howls, and whistles, and moans and sobs. After a while he calms down and goes to his business a changed man.



BUILDING THE TEMPLE.

FROM AN ORATION BY JOHN B. GOUGH.

Our enterprise is in advance of the public sentiment, and those who carry it on are glorious iconoclasts, who are going to break down the drunken Dagon worshiped by their fathers. Count me over the chosen heroes of this earth, and I will show you men that stood alone—ay, alone, while those they toiled, and labored, and agonized for, hurled at them contumely, scorn and contempt. They stood alone; they looked into the future calmly, and with faith; they saw the golden beam inclining to the side of perfect justice; and they fought on amidst

the storm of persecution. In Great Britain they tell me when I go to see such a prison: "Here is such a dungeon, in which such a one was confined." "Here, among the ruins of an old castle, we will show you where such a one had his ears cut off, and where another was murdered." Then they will show me monuments towering up to the heavens. "There is a monument to such a one; there is a monument to another." And what do I find? That the one generation persecuted and howled at these men, crying, "Crucify them! crucify them!" and danced around the blazing fagots that consumed them; and the next generation busied itself in gathering up the scattered ashes of the martyred heroes, and depositing them in the golden urn of a nation's history. Oh, yes! the men that fight for a great enterprise are the men that bear the brunt of the battle, and "He who seeth in secret"—seeth the desire of his children, their steady purpose, their firm self-denial—"will reward them openly," though they may die and see no sign of the triumphs of their enterprise.

Our cause is a progressive one. I read the first constitution of the first temperance society formed in the State of New York, in 1809, and one of the by-laws stated, "Any member of this association who shall

be convicted of intoxication shall be fined a quarter of a dollar, except such act of intoxication shall take place on the Fourth of July, or any other regularly appointed military muster." We laugh at that now; but it was a serious matter in those days; it was in advance of the public sentiment of the age. The very men that adopted that principle were persecuted; they were hooted and pelted through the streets, the doors of their houses were blackened, their cattle mutilated. The fire of persecution scorched some men so that they left the work. Others worked on, and God bless them. Some are living to-day; and I should like to stand where they stand now, and see the mighty enterprise as it rises before them. They worked hard. They lifted the first turf—prepared the bed in which to lay the corner-stone. They laid it amid persecution and storm. They worked under the surface; and men almost forgot that there were busy hands laying the solid foundation far down beneath. By and by they got the foundation above the surface, and then commenced another storm of persecution. Now we see the superstructure—pillar after pillar, tower after tower, column after column, with the capitals emblazoned with "Love, truth, sympathy, and good-will to men." Old men gaze upon it as it grows up before them.

They will not live to see it completed, but they see in faith the crowning cope-stone set upon it. Meek-eyed women weep as it grows in beauty; children strew the pathway of the workmen with flowers. We do not see its beauty yet—we do not see the magnificence of its superstructure yet—because it is in course of erection. Scaffolding, ropes, ladders, workmen ascending and descending, mar the beauty of the building; but by and by, when the hosts who have labored shall come up over a thousand battlefields, waving with bright grain, never again to be crushed in the distillery—through vineyards, under trellised vines, with grapes hanging in all their purple glory, never again to be pressed into that which can debase and degrade mankind—when they shall come through orchards, under trees hanging thick with golden, pulpy fruit, never to be turned into that which can injure and debase—when they shall come up to the last distillery and destroy it; to the last stream of liquid death, and dry it up; to the last weeping wife, and wipe her tears gently away; to the last little child, and lift him up to stand where God meant that man should stand; to the last drunkard, and nerve him to burst the burning fetters and make a glorious accompaniment to the song of freedom by the

clanking of his broken chains—then, ah! then will the cope-stone be set upon it, the scaffolding will fall with a crash, and the building will start in its wondrous beauty before an astonished world. The last poor drunkard shall go into it, and find a refuge there; loud shouts of rejoicing shall be heard, and there shall be joy in heaven, when the triumphs of a great enterprise shall usher in the day of the triumphs of the cross of Christ. I believe it; on my soul, I believe it. Will you help us? That is the question. We leave it with you. Good-night.



BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY HAMILTON AIDE.

Some miners were sinking a shaft in Wales—
I know not where, but the facts have filled
A chink in my brain, while other tales

Have been swept away, as when pearls are spilled,
One pearl rolls into a chink in the floor;—
Somewhere, then, where God's light is killed,

And men tear in the dark, at the earth's heart-
core,
These men were at work, when their axes
knocked
A hole in a passage closed years before.

A slip in the earth, I suppose, had blocked
This gallery suddenly up, with a heap
Of rubble, as safe as a chest is locked,

Till these men picked it; and 'gan to creep
In, on all-fours. Then a loud shout ran
Round the black roof—"Here's a man asleep!"

They all pushed forward, and scarce a span
From the mouth of the passage, the miner's lamp
Fell on the upturned face of a man.

No taint of death, no decaying damp
Had touched that fair young brow, whereon
Courage had set its glorious stamp.

Calm as a monarch on his throne,
Lips hard clenched, no shadow of fear,
He sat there taking his rest, alone.

He must have been there for many a year.
The spirit had fled; but there was its shrine,
In clothes of a century old, or near!

The dry and embalming air of the mine
Had arrested the natural hand of decay,
Nor faded the flesh, nor dimmed a line.

Who was he, then? No man could say
When this passage had suddenly fallen in—
Its memory, even, had pass'd away!

In their great rough arms, begrimed with coal,
They took him up, as a tender lass
Will carry a babe, from that darksome hole

To the outer world of the short warm grass.
Then up spoke one, "Let us send for Bess,
She is seventy-nine, come Martinmas;

Older than any one here, I guess!
Belike, she may mind when the wall fell there,
And remember the lad by his comeliness."

So they brought old Bess, with her silver hair,
To the side of the hill, where the dead man lay,
Ere the flesh had crumbled in outer air.

And the crowd around him all gave way,
As with tottering steps old Bess drew nigh,
And bent o'er the face of the unchanged clay.

Then suddenly rang a sharp, low cry!
Bess sank on her knees, and wildly tossed
Her withered arms in the summer sky—

“O Willie! Willie! my lad! my lost!
The Lord be praised! after sixty years
I see ye again! . . . The tears ye cost,

O Willie darlin', were bitter tears!
They never looked for ye underground,
They told me a tale to mock my fears!

They said ye were auver the sea—ye'd found
A lass ye loved better nor me, to explai'
How ye'd a-vanished fra sight and sound!

O, darlin', a long, long life o' pain
I ha' lived since then! . . . And now I'm old,
'Seems a'most as if youth were come back again,

Seeing ye there wi' your locks o' gold,
And limbs as straight as ashen beams,
I a'most forget how the years ha' rolled

Between us! . . . O Willie! how strange it seems
To see ye here as I've seen ye oft,
Auver and auver again in dreams!”

In broken words like these, with soft
Low wails she rocked herself. And none
Of the rough men around her scoffed.

For surely a sight like this, the sun
Had rarely looked upon. Face to face,
The old dead love, and the living one!

The dead, with its undimmed fleshly grace,
At the end of threescore years; the quick,
Puckered and withered, without a trace

Of its warm girl-beauty. A wizard's trick
Bringing the youth and the love that were,
Back to the eyes of the old and sick!

Those bodies were just of one age; yet there
Death, clad in youth, had been standing still,
While life had been fretting itself threadbare!

But the moment was come—as a moment will
To all who have loved, and been parted here,
And have toiled alone up the thorny hill—

When, at the top, as their eyes see clear,
Over the mists of the vale below,
Mere specks their trials and toils appear

Beside the eternal rest they know.

Death came to old Bess that night, and gave
The welcome summons that she must go.

And now, though rains and winds may rave,
Nothing can part them. Deep and wide,
That night the miners dug one grave.

And there, while summers and winters glide,
Old Bess and young Willie sleep side by side.

PSALM XCV.

O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.

Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto Him with psalms.

For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

In His hand are the deep places of the earth; the strength of the hills is His also.

The sea is His, and He made it, and His hands formed the dry land.

O come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our maker.

For He is our God; and we are the people of His pasture, and the sheep of His hand. To-day if ye will hear His voice,

Harden not your heart, as in the provocation, and as in the day of temptation in the wilderness:

When your fathers tempted me, proved me, and saw my work.

Forty years long was I grieved with this generation, and said, It is a people that do err in their heart, and they have not known my ways:

Unto whom I swear in my wrath, that they should not enter into my rest.

THE TREASURED CURL.

"Do you see this lock of hair?" said an old man to me.

"Yes; but what is it? It is, I suppose, the curl from the head of a dear child long since gone to God."

"It is not. It is a lock of my own hair; and it is now nearly seventy years since it was cut from this head."

"But why do you prize a lock of your own hair so much?"

"It has a story belonging to it—a strange one. I keep it thus with care because it speaks to me more of God, and of His special care, than anything else I possess.

"I was a little child, four years old, with long, curly locks which, in sun or rain or wind, hung down my cheeks uncovered. One day my father went into the woods to cut up a log, and I went with him. I was standing a little behind him, or rather at his side, watching with interest the stroke of the heavy axe, as it went up and came down upon the wood, sending splinters in all directions at every stroke. Some of the splinters fell at my feet, and I eagerly stooped to pick them up. In doing so I stumbled forward, and in a moment my curly head lay upon the log. I had fallen just at the moment when the axe was com-

ing down with all its force. It was too late to stop the blow. Down came the axe. I screamed, and my father fell to the ground in terror. He could not stay the stroke, and in the blindness which the sudden horror caused he thought he had killed his boy. We soon recovered—I from my fright, and he from his terror. He caught me in his arms and looked at me from head to foot, to find out the deadly wound which he was sure he had inflicted. Not a drop of blood nor a scar was to be seen. He knelt upon the grass and gave thanks to a gracious God. Having done so, he took up his axe and found a few hairs upon its edge. He turned to the log he had been splitting, and there was a single curl of his boy's hair sharply cut through and laid upon the wood. How great the escape! It was as if an angel had turned aside the edge at the moment it was descending upon my head.

“That lock he kept all his days as a memorial of God's care and love. That lock he left to me on his death-bed. I keep it with care. It tells me of my father's God and mine. It rebukes my unbelief and alarm. It bids me trust Him forever. I have had many tokens of fatherly love in my three-score years and ten, but somehow this speaks most to my heart. It is the oldest, and perhaps the most striking. It used to speak to my father's heart; it now speaks to mine.”

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing:
Toll ye the church bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.
Old year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still; he doth not move;
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend, and a true true-love,
And the New Year will take them away.
Old year, you must not go;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go.

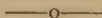
He frothed his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see.
But though his eyes are waxing dim,
And though his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.
Old year, you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.

He was so full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die, across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post haste,
But he'll be dead before.

Every one for his own.
The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the New Year blithe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro;
The cricket chirps; the light burns low;
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
Shake hands, before you die.
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you;
What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack! our friend is gone,
Close up his eyes; tie up his chin;
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.



THE OLD MAN AND JIM.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Old man never had much to say—
'Ceptin' to Jim—
And Jim was the wildest boy he had—
And the Old man jes' wrapped up in him!
Never heerd him speak but once
Er twice in my life—and first time was
When the army broke out, and Jim he went,
The Old man backin' him, fer three months.

And all 'at I heerd the Old man say
Was, jes' as we turned to start away—

“Well; good-bye, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!”

'Peared-like, he was more satisfied
Jes' lookin' at Jim
And likin' him all to hisse'f-like, see?—
'Cause he was jes' wrapped up in him!
And over and over I mind the day
The Old man come and stood round in the way
While we was drillin', a-watchin' Jim—
And down at the deepot a-heerin' him say—
“Well; good-bye, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!”

Never was nothin' about the farm
Disting'ished Jim;
Neighbors all ust to wonder why
The Old man 'peared wrapped up in him:
But when Cap. Biggler, he writ back
'At Jim was the bravest boy we had
In the whole rigiment—white er black,
And his fightin' good as his farmin' bad—
'At he had led, with a bullet clean
Bored through his thigh, and carried the flag
Through the bloodiest battle you ever seen—
The Old man wound up a letter to him
'At Cap. read to us, 'at said—“Tell Jim
Good-bye;
And take keer of hisse'f!”

Jim come back jes' long enough
To take the whim
'At he'd like to go back in the calvery—
And the Old man jes' wrapped up in him!—
Jim 'lowed 'at he'd had sich luck afore,
Guessed he'd tackle her three years more.

And the Old man give him a colt he'd raised
And follered him over to Camp Ben Wade,
And laid around for a week or so,
Watchin' Jim on dress-parade—
Tel finally he rid away,
And last he heard was the Old man say—
 "Well; good-bye, Jim:
 Take keer of yourse'f!"

Tuk the papers, the Old man did,
 A-watchin' fer Jim—
Fully believin' he'd make his mark
 Someway—jes' wrapped up in him!—
And many a time the word 'u'd come
'At stirred him up like the tap of a drum—
At Petersburg, fer instance, where
Jim rid right into their cannons there,
And tuk 'em, and p'inted 'em t' other way,
And socked it home to the boys in gray,
As they skooted fer timber, and on and on—
Jim a lieutenant and one arm gone,
And the Old man's words in his mind all day—
 "Well; good-bye, Jim:
 Take keer of yourse'f!"

Think of a private, now, perhaps,
 We'll say, like Jim,
'At's clumb clean up to the shoulder-straps—
 And the Old man jes' wrapped up in him!
Think of him—with the war plum' through,
And the glorious old Red-White-and-Blue
A-laughin' the news down over Jim
And the Old man, bendin' over him—
The surgeon turnin' away with tears
'At hadn't leaked fer years and years—
As the hand of the dyin' boy clung to
His father's, the old voice in his ears—
 "Well; good-bye, Jim:
 Take keer of yourse'f!"

THE CHRISTENING.

BY E. T. CORBETT.

No, I won't forgive our parson—not down to my
dyin' day.

He'd orter waited a minnit; that's what I'll allers
say.

But to christen my boy, my baby, with such an
orful name—

Why, where's the use o' talkin'? I tell you he
was to blame.

You see it happened in this way: There was father
an' Uncle Si

An' mother, an' each one wantin' a finger in the
pie—

Each with a name for baby, as ef I hadn't no
voice.

But the more they talked an' argied, the more
I stuck to my choice.

“Semanthy”—this was father—“you'd best take
pattern by mother,

For she named thirteen children 'thout any such
fuss or bother.

As soon as she diskivered that family names was
too few,

Why, she jest fell back on the Bible, as perfes-
sers air bound to do.”

“Semanthy”—this was Reuben—“'most any one
else could see

That, bein' as I'm his father, he'd orter be named
for me.

You say my name's old-fashioned; well, I'm old-
fashioned too,

Yet 'twarn't so long ago, nuther, that both of
us suited you.”

Then there was Uncle Silas: "Semanthy, I tell ye
what—
Jest name him Silas. I'll give him that hundred-
acre lot—
I'll make out the deed to-morrer—an' then when
I've gone to my rest,
There'll be a trifle o' money to help him feather
his nest."

But the worst of all was mother. She says, so
meek an' mild:
"I'd love to call him Jotham, after my oldest
child;
He died on his second birthday. The others are
grown-up men,
But Jotham is still my baby; he has never grown
since then.
His hair was so soft an' curlin', eyes blue as blue
could be,
An' this boy of yours, Semanthy, jest brings him
back to me."

Well, it warn't no easy matter to keep on sayin'
no,
An' disapp'intin' every one. Poor Rube he
fretted so,
When I told him the name I'd chosen, that he
fairly made me cry;
For I'd planned to name the darling Augustus
Percival Guy.
Ah! that was a name worth hearin', so 'ristocratic
an' grand!
He might 'a held up his head then with the proud-
est in the land.
But now—Well, 'tisin't no wonder, when I look
at that blessed child
An' think of the name he's come to, that I can't
be reconciled.

At last I coaxed up Reuben, an' a Sabbath morn-
in' came
When I took my boy to meetin' to git his Chris-
tian name.
Jest as proud as a peacock I stood a-waitin'
there;
I couldn't hardly listen to the readin' nor the
prayer.
For of half a dozen babies mine was the finest of
all;
An' they had sech common names, too. But
pride must have a fall.

"What will ye call him?" says Parson Brown,
bendin' his head to hear.
Then I handed a bit of paper up, with the names
writ full an' clear.
But Uncle Si, 'stead of passin' it, jest reads it over
slow,
With sech a wond'rin', puzzled face, as ef he
didn't know.
The child was beginnin' to fidget, an' Rube was
gittin' red,
So I kinder scowled at Uncle Si, and then I
shook my head.
"The name?" says Parson Brown agin; "I'm
'feard I haven't caught it."
"Jee-hoshaphat!" says Uncle Si, out loud, before
he thought it.

The parson—he's near-sighted—he couldn't under-
stand,
Though I p'inted to the paper in Uncle Silas'
hand.
But that word did the business; an' before I got
my breath
That boy was named Jehoshaphat. I felt a'most
like death.

I couldn't keep from cryin' as I hurried down the
aisle,

An' I fairly hated Widder Green when I see her
kinder smile.

I've never, never called him by that name, an'
never will,

An' I can't forgive old Parson Brown, though I
bear him no ill-will.

—o—

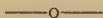
LABOR.

BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in work. Were a man ever so benighted, or forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in him who actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of labor, the whole soul of a man is composed into real harmony. He bends himself with free valor against his task; and doubt, desire, sorrow, remorse, indignation, despair itself, shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The glow of labor in him is a purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up; and of smoke itself there is made a bright and blessed flame. Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness; he has a life purpose. Labor is life. From the heart of the worker rises the celestial force, breathed into him by Almighty God, awakening him to all nobleness, to all knowl-

edge. Hast thou valued patience, courage, openness to light, or readiness to own thy mistakes? In wrestling with the dim, brute powers of Fact, thou wilt continually learn. For every noble work, the possibilities are diffused through immensity—undiscoverable, except to Faith.

Man, son of heaven! is there not in thine inmost heart a spirit of active method, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it? Complain not. Look up, wearied brother. See thy fellow-workmen surviving through eternity—the sacred band of immortals!



THE NEW CHURCH ORGAN.

BY WILL M. CARLETON.

They've got a bran new organ, Sue,
For all their fuss and search;
They've done just as they said they'd do,
And fetched it into church.
They're bound the creature shall be seen,
And on the preacher's right
They've hoisted up the new machine
In everybody's sight.
They've got a chorister and choir,
Again' my voice and vote;
For it was never my desire
To praise the Lord by note!

I've been a sister good and true,
For five an' thirty year;
I've done what seemed my part to do,
And prayed my duty clear;

I've sung my hymns both slow and quick,
Just as the preacher read;
And twice, when Deacon Tubbs was sick,
I took the fork an' led!
And now, their bold new-fangled ways
Is comin' all about;
And I, right in my latter days,
Am fairly crowded out!

To-day the preacher, good old dear,
With tears in all his eyes,
Read—"I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies."
I always liked that blessed hymn,
I s'pose I always will;
It somehow gratifies my whim,
In good old Ortonville.
But when that choir got up to sing,
I couldn't catch a word;
They sung the most dog-gondest thing
A body ever heard!

Some worldly chaps were standing near,
An' when I seed them grin,
I bid farewell to every fear
And boldly waded in.
I thought I'd chase their tune along,
And trièd with all my might;
But though my voice is good and strong,
I couldn't steer it right;
When they was high then I was low,
And also contra'wise;
And I too fast or they too slow,
To "mansions in the skies."

And after every verse, you know,
They played a little tune;
I didn't understand, and so
I started in too soon.

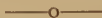
I pitched it pretty middling high,
I fetched a lusty tone,
But oh, alas! I found that I
Was singin' there alone!
They laughed a little, I am told,
But I had done my best;
And not a wave of trouble rolled
Across my peaceful breast.

And Sister Brown—I could but look—
She sits right front of me;
She never was no singin' book,
An' never went to be;
But then she always tried to do
The best she could, she said;
She understood the time right through,
And kept it with her head;
But when she tried this morning, oh!
I had to laugh or cough,
It kept her head a-bobbin' so,
It e'en a'most came off!

And Deacon Tubbs—he broke all down,
As one might well suppose—
He took one look at Sister Brown,
And meekly scratched his nose.
He looked his hymn book through and through,
And laid it on the seat;
And then a pensive sigh he drew,
And looked completely beat.
And when they took another bout,
He didn't even rise;
But drew his red bandanner out,
And wiped his weeping eyes.

I've been a sister, good and true,
For five an' thirty year;
I've done what seemed my part to do,
And prayed my duty clear;

But death will stop my voice, I know,
For he is on my track;
And some day I to church will go,
And never more come back,
And when the folks get up to sing—
Whene'er that time shall be—
I do not want a patent thing
A-squealing over me!



COURTING AND SCIENCE.

"Yes," said the young man, as he threw himself at the feet of the pretty school teacher, "I love you, and would go to the world's end for you!"

"You could not go to the end of the world for me, James. The world, or the earth, as it is called, is round like a ball, slightly flattened at the poles. One of the first lessons in the elementary geography is devoted to the shape of the globe. You must have studied it when you were a boy."

"Of course I did; but—"

"And it is no longer a theory. Circumnavigators have established that fact."

"I know; but what I meant was that I would do anything to please you. Ah, Minerva! if you knew the aching void—"

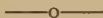
"There is no such thing as a void, James! Nature abhors a vacuum; but, admitting that there could be such a thing, how could the void you speak of be a void, if there was an ache in it?"

"I meant to say that my life will be lonely without you—that you are my daily thought and my nightly dream. I would go anywhere to be with you. If you were in Australia or at the North Pole, I would fly to you! I—"

"Fly! It will be another century before men can fly. Even when the laws of gravitation are successfully overcome, there will still remain, says a late scientific authority, the difficulty of maintaining a balance—"

"Well, at all events," exclaimed the youth, growing somewhat impatient, "I've got a pretty fair balance in the savings bank, and I want you to be my wife—there!"

"Well, James, since you put it in that light, I—"



THE VOW OF WASHINGTON.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

[Read in New York, April 30, 1889, at the Centennial Celebration of the Inauguration of George Washington as the first President of the United States.]

The sword was sheathed: in April's sun
Lay green the fields by Freedom won;
And severed sections, weary of debates,
Joined hands at last and were United States.

O city sitting by the sea!
How proud the day that dawned on thee,
When the new era, long desired, began,
And, in its need, the hour had found the man!

One thought the cannon salvos spoke;
The resonant bell tower's vibrant stroke,
The voiceful streets, the plaudit-echoing halls,
And prayer and hymn borne heavenward from
St. Paul's!

How felt the land in every part
The strong throb of a nation's heart,
As its great leader gave, with reverent awe,
His Pledge to Union, Liberty, and Law!

That pledge the heavens above him heard,
That vow the sleep of centuries stirred;
In world-wide wonder listening peoples bent
Their gaze on Freedom's great experiment.

Could it succeed? Of honor sold
And hopes deceived all history told.
Above the wrecks that strewed the mournful past,
Was the long dream of ages true at last?

Thank God! the people's choice was just,
The one man equal to his trust,
Wise beyond lore, and without weakness good,
Calm in the strength of flawless rectitude!

His rule of justice, order, peace,
Made possible the world's release;
Taught prince and serf that power is but a trust,
And rule alone, which serves the ruled, is just;

That Freedom generous is, but strong
In hate of fraud and selfish wrong,
Pretense that turns her holy truths to lies,
And lawless license masking in her guise.

Land of his love! with one glad voice
Let thy great sisterhood rejoice;
A century's suns o'er thee have risen and set,
And, God be praised, we are one nation yet.

And still, we trust, the years to be
Shall prove his hope was destiny,
Leaving our flag with all its added stars
Unrent by faction and unstained by wars!

Lo! where with patient toil he nursed
And trained the new-set plant at first,
The widening branches of a stately tree
Stretch from the sunrise to the sunset sea.

And in its broad and sheltering shade,
Sitting with none to make afraid,
Were we now silent, through each mighty limb,
The winds of heaven would sing the praise of him.

Our first and best!—his ashes lie
Beneath his own Virginian sky.
Forgive, forget, oh! true and just and brave,
The storm that swept above thy sacred grave!

For, ever in the awful strife
And dark hours of the nation's life,
Through the fierce tumult pierced his warning
word,
Their father's voice his erring children heard!

The change for which he prayed and sought
In that sharp agony was wrought;
No partial interest draws its alien line
'Twixt North and South, the cypress and the pine!

One people now, all doubt beyond,
His name shall be our Union-bond;
We lift our hands to heaven, and here and now,
Take on our lips the old Centennial vow.

For rule and trust must needs be ours;
Chooser and chosen both are powers
Equal in service as in rights; the claim
Of duty rests on each and all the same.

Then let the sovereign millions, where
Our banner floats in sun and air,
From the warm palm-lands to Alaska's cold,
Repeat with us the pledge a century old!



CROSSING THE CARRY.

BY W. H. H. MURRAY.

SCENE.—The Adirondacks during a shower. A pleasure-seeker and his guide on the road.

"John," said I, as we stood looking at each other across the boat, "this rain is wet."

"It generally is, up in this region, I believe," he responded, as he wiped the water out of his eyes with the back of his hand, and shook the accumulating drops from nose and chin; "but the waterproof I have on has lasted me some thirty-eight years, and I don't think it will wet through to-day."

"Well!" I exclaimed, "there is no use of standing here in this marsh grass any longer; help me to load up. I'll take the baggage and you the boat."

"You'll never get through with it if you try to take it all at once. Better load light, and I'll come back after what's left," was the answer. "I tell you," he continued, "the swamp is full of water, and soft as muck."

"John," said I, "that baggage is going

over at one load, sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish. I'll make the attempt, swamp or no swamp. My life is assured against accidents by fire, water, and mud; so here goes. What's life to glory!" I exclaimed, as I seized the pork-bag and dragged it from under the boat; "stand by and see me put my armor on."

Over my back I slung the provision basket, made like a fisherman's creel, thirty inches by forty, filled with plates, coffee, salt, and all the impedimenta of camp and cooking utensils. This was held in its place by straps passing over the shoulders and under the arms, like a Jew-peddler's pack. There might have been eighty pounds' weight in it. Upon the top of the basket John lashed my knapsack, full of bullets, powder, and clothing. My rubber suit and heavy blanket, slung around my neck by a leather thong, hung down in front across my chest. On one shoulder the oars and paddles were balanced, with a frying pan and gridiron swinging from the blades; on the other was my rifle, from which were suspended a pair of boots, my creel, a coffee pot, and a bag of flour.

Taking up the bag of pork in one hand, and seizing the stock of the rifle with the other, from two fingers of which hung a tin kettle of prepared trout, which we were

loth to throw away, I started. Picture a man so loaded, forcing his way through a hemlock swamp, through whose floor of thin moss he sank to his knees; or picking his way across oozy sloughs on old roots, often covered with mud and water, and slippery beyond description, and you have me daguerreotyped in your mind. Well, as I said, I started.

For some dozen rods I got on famously, and was congratulating myself with the thought of an easy transit, when a root upon which I had put my right foot gave way, and, plunging headlong into the mud, I struck an attitude of petition; while the frying pan and gridiron, flung off the oars and forward by the movement, alighted upon my prostrated head. An ejaculation, not exactly religious, escaped me, and with a few desperate flounces I assumed once more the perpendicular. Fishing the frying pan from the mud, and lashing the gridiron to my belt, I made another start. It was hard work.

The most unnatural adjustment of weight upon my back made it difficult to ascertain just how far behind me lay the centre of equilibrium. I found where it did not lie several times. Before I had gone fifty rods the camp basket weighed one hundred and twenty pounds. The pork bag felt as if it

had several shoats in it, and the oar blades stuck out in the exact form of an X. If I went one side of a tree the oars would go the other side. If I backed up they would manage to get entangled amid the brush. If I stumbled and fell, the confounded things would come like a goose-yoke athwart my neck, pinning me down.

As I proceeded the mud grew deeper, the roots farther apart, and the blazed trees less frequent. Never before did I so truly realize the aspiration of the old hymn:

“Oh! had I the wings of a dove!”

At last I reached what seemed impossible to pass—an oozy slough, crossed here and there by cedar roots, smooth and slippery, lay before me. From a high stump which I had climbed upon I gave a desperate leap. I struck where I expected, and a little farther. The weight of the basket, which was now something over two hundred pounds, was too much for me to check at once. It pressed me forward. I recovered myself, and the abominable oars carried me as far the other way. The moccasins of wet leather began to slip along the roots. They began to slip very often and at bad times. I found it necessary to change my position suddenly. I changed it. It wasn't a perfect success. I tried again. It seemed necessary to keep on trying.

I suspect I did not effect the changes very steadily, for the trout began to jump about in the pail and fly out into the mud. The gridiron got uneasy, and played against my side like a steam flapper. In fact, the whole baggage seemed endowed with supernatural powers of motion. The excitement was contagious. In a moment every article was jumping about like mad. I, in the mean time, continued to dance a hornpipe on the slippery roots.

Now, I am conscientiously opposed to dancing. I never danced. I didn't want to learn. I felt it was wicked for me to be hopping around on that root so. What an example, I thought, if John should see me. What would my wife say? What would my deacons say? I tried to stop. I couldn't. I had an astonishing dislike to sit down.

I thought I would dance there forever, rather than sit down, deacons or no deacons.

The basket now weighed any imaginable number of pounds. The trout were leaping about my head as if in their native element. The gridiron was in such rapid motion that it was impossible to distinguish the bars. There was, apparently, a whole litter of pigs in the pork bag. I could not stand it longer. I concluded to rest awhile; I wanted to do the thing gracefully. I looked around for a soft spot, and seeing one just behind

me, I checked myself. My feet flew out from under me. They appeared to be unusually light. I don't remember that I ever sat down quicker. The motion was very decided. The only difficulty I observed was that the seat I had gracefully settled into had no bottom.

The position of things was extremely picturesque. The oars were astride my neck, as usual. The trout pail was bottom up, and the contents lying about almost anywhere. The boots were hanging on a dry limb overhead. A capital idea. I thought of it as I was in the act of sitting down. One piece of pork lay at my feet, and another was sticking up some ten feet off in the mud. It looked very queer—slightly out of place. With the same motion with which I hung my boots on a limb, as I seated myself, I stuck my rifle carefully into the mud, muzzle downward. I never saw a gun in that position before. It struck me as being a good thing. There was no danger of its falling over and breaking the stock. The first thing I did was to pass the grid-iron under me. When that feat had been accomplished I felt more composed. It's pleasant for a man in the position I was in to feel that he has something under him. Even a chip or a small stump would have felt comfortable. As I sat thinking how

many uses a gridiron could be put to, and estimating where I should then have been if I hadn't got it under me, I heard John forcing his way with the boat on his back through the thick undergrowth.

"It won't do to let John see me in this position," I said; and so, with a mighty effort, I disengaged myself from the pack, flung off the blanket from around my neck, and seizing hold of a spruce limb, which I could fortunately reach, drew myself slowly up. I had just time to jerk the rifle out of the mud, and fish up about half of the trout, when John came struggling along.

"John," said I, leaning unconcernedly against a tree, as if nothing had happened, "John, put down the boat; here's a splendid spot to rest."

"Well, Mr. Murray," queried John, as he emerged from under the boat, "how are you getting along?"

"Capitally!" said I; "the carry is very level when you once get down to it. I felt a little out of breath, and thought I would wait for you a few moments."

"What's your boots doing up there in that tree?" exclaimed John, as he pointed up to where they hung dangling from the limb, about fifteen feet above our heads.

"Boots doing!" said I, "why, they're hanging there, don't you see? You didn't

suppose I'd drop them into this mud, did you?"

"Why, no," replied John, "I don't suppose you would. But how about this?" continued he, as he stooped down and pulled a big trout, tail foremost, out of the soft muck; "how did that trout come there?"

"It must have got out of the pail somehow," I responded. "I thought I heard something drop just as I sat down."

"What on earth is that, out there?" exclaimed John, pointing to a piece of pork, one end of which was sticking about four inches out of the water. "Is that pork?"

"Well, the fact is, John," returned I, speaking with the utmost gravity, and in a tone intended to suggest a mystery; "the fact is, John, I don't quite understand it. This carry seems to be all covered over with pork. I wouldn't be surprised to find a piece anywhere. There is another junk, now," I exclaimed, as I plunged my mocasin into the mud and kicked a two-pound bit toward him; "it's lying all round here loose."

I thought John would split with laughter, but my time came, for, as in one of his paroxysms he turned partly around, I saw that his back was covered with mud clear up to his hat.

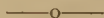
"Do you always sit down on your coat,

John," I inquired, "when you cross a carry like this?"

"Come, come," rejoined he, ceasing to laugh from very exhaustion, "take a knife or tin plate and scrape the muck from my back. I always tell my wife to make my clothes a ground color, but the color is laid on a little too thick this time, anyway."

"John," said I, after having scraped him down, "take the paddle and spear my boots off from that limb up there, while I tread out this pork."

Weary and hot, we reached at length the margin of the swamp, and our feet stood once more upon solid ground.



NATHAN'S CASE.

[As viewed by an unconverted boon companion.]

FROM THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TIMES.

It a'n't accordin' to natur' for folks to turn right
askew,
A-droppin' out o' the old ways, an' droppin'
into the new,
An' what I hear 'em sayin' 'bout Nathan, and
Nathan's folks,
Is suthin' I hev ter laff at, as one o' the best o'
jokes.
I've summered an' wintered with Nathan, an'
know the cut of his jib,
An' know the kind o' grain in his barn, the kind
o' corn in his crib:

An' it a'n't any use o' tellin' me, or any one
else who knows,
That ever a man was born to reap a better thing
than he sows.
Talks up in meetin', does he?—in words that are
sweet to hear!
'Twas only a month or so ago he swore like a
privateer!
An' it a'n't accordin' to natur' that a tongue with
an evil twist
Should change its course, an' begin to grind at
another kind o' grist.
Nigh on to death he's been, they say, with a
cur'us sort o' complaint,
That threw the devil out of his bones an' made
him a decent saint;
But ther' a'n't enough physic in any o' these
'ere parts, to my mind,
To make of old Nathan Turner one o' the ortho-
dox kind.
Given up drinkin' lickin'!—Taken the temp'rance
pledge!
Well, that 'ere's news, I tell ye now, that's set-
tin' my teeth on edge!
For it a'n't accordin' to natur'—I say it, who ought
to know—
An' Nathan Turner's never the man to yield an
inch to a foe!
Well, I couldn't be much more took aback, had
ye told me that that 'ere root
Would 'a' straightened out, an' begun to bear a
likely kind o' fruit;
An' I'll hev to think the Lord Hissself attended to
Nathan's case,
For it a'n't according to natur', I know, an'
must be a work o' grace!

A CURTAIN LECTURE.

BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

[The scene is Mr. and Mrs. Caudle's bed-chamber. Mrs. Caudle indignant at Mr. Caudle's having come home late.]

Perhaps, Mr. Caudle, you'll tell me where this is to end! Though, goodness knows, I needn't ask that. Out—out—out! Every night—every night! I'm sure men who can't come home at reasonable hours have no business with wives; they have no right to destroy other people, if they choose to go to destruction themselves. Ha, lord! Oh, dear! I only hope none of my girls will ever marry: I hope they'll none of 'em ever be the slave their poor mother is: they shan't, if I can help it. What do you say? Nothing? Well, I don't wonder at that, Mr. Caudle; you ought to be ashamed to speak; I don't wonder that you can't open your mouth. I'm only astonished that at such hours you have the confidence to knock at your own door. Though I'm your wife, I must say it, I do sometimes wonder at your impudence. What do you say? Nothing? Ha! you're an aggravating creature; lying there like the mummy of a man, and never as much as opening your lips to one, just as if your own wife wasn't worth answering. It isn't so when you're

out, I'm sure. Oh, no! then you can talk fast enough; here there's no getting a word from you. But you treat your wife as no other man does, and you know it.

Out—out every night! What? You have not been out this week before? That's nothing at all to do with it. You might just as well be out all the week, as once—just! And I should like to know what could keep you out till these hours? Business? Oh, yes, I dare say! Pretty business a married man and the father of a family must have out of doors at one in the morning. What! I shall drive you mad? Oh, no! you haven't feelings enough to go mad; you'd be a better man, Caudle, if you had. Will I listen to you? What's the use? Of course, you've some story to put me off with; you can all do that, and laugh at us afterward.

No, Caudle, don't say that. I'm not always trying to find fault—not I. It's you. I never speak but when there's occasion; and what in my time I've put up with, there isn't anybody in the world that knows. Will I hear your story? Oh, you may tell it, if you please; go on; only mind, I shan't believe a word of it. I'm not such a fool as other women are, I can tell you. There now, don't begin to swear—but go on——.

——And that's your story, is it! That's your excuse for the hours you keep! That's your apology for undermining my health and ruining your family! What do you think your children will say of you when they grow up—going and throwing away your money upon a good-for-nothing pot-house acquaintance? He's not a pot-house acquaintance? Who is he, then? Come, you haven't told me that; but I know: it's that Prettyman! Yes, to be sure it is! Upon my life! Well, if I've hardly patience to lie in bed! I've wanted a silver tea pot these five years, and you must go and throw away as much money as—what! You haven't thrown it away? Haven't you? Then my name's not Margaret, that's all I know.

A man gets arrested, and because he's taken from his wife and family, and locked up, you must go and trouble your head with it! And you must be mixing yourself up with nasty sheriff's officers—pah! I'm sure you're not fit to enter a decent house—and go running from lawyer to lawyer to get bail, and settle the business, as you call it! A pretty settlement you'll make of it; mark my words! Yes, and to mend the matter, to finish it quite, you must be one of the bail! That any man who isn't a born fool should do such a thing for another!

Do you think anybody would do as much for you? Yes? You say yes? Well, I only wish, just to show that I'm right, I only wish you were in a condition to try 'em. You'd find the difference—that you would.

What's other people's affairs to you? If you were locked up, depend upon it, there's not a soul would come near you. No; it's all very fine now, when people think there isn't a chance of your being in trouble; but I should only like to see what they'd say to you if you were in a sponging-house! Yes, I should enjoy that, just to show that I'm always right. What do you say? You think better of the world? Ha! that would be all very well if you could afford it; but you're not in means, I know, to think so well of people as all that; and of course they only laugh at you. "Caudle's an easy fool," they cry; I know it as well as if I heard 'em; "Caudle's an easy fool, anybody may lead him." Yes, anybody but his own wife; and she, of course, is nobody!

And now everybody that's arrested will of course send to you. Yes, Mr. Caudle, you'll have your hands full now, no doubt of it. You'll soon know every sponging-house and every sheriff's officer in London. Your business will have to take care of itself; you'll have enough to do to run from.

lawyer to lawyer after the business of other people.

Now, it's no use calling me a dear soul—not a bit! No; and I shan't put it off till to-morrow. It isn't often I speak, but I will speak now.

I wish that Prettyman had been at the bottom of the sea before—what? It isn't Prettyman? Ha! It's very well for you to say so; but I know it is; it's just like him. He looks like a man that's always in debt—that's always in a sponging-house. Anybody might swear it. I knew it from the very first time you brought him here; from the very night he put his nasty, dirty, wet boots on my bright steel fender. Any woman could see what the fellow was in a minute. Prettyman! A pretty gentleman, truly, to be robbing your wife and family.

Why couldn't you let him stop in the sponging—Now, don't call upon heaven in that way, and ask me to be quiet, for I won't. Why couldn't you let him stop there? He got himself in; he might have got himself out again. And you must keep me awake, break my sleep, my health, and, for what you care, my peace of mind. Ha! everybody but you can see how I'm breaking. You can do all this, while you're talking with a set of low bailiffs! A great deal

you must think of your children, to go into a lawyer's office.

And then you must be bail, you must be bound, for Mr. Prettyman! You may say, bound! Yes, you've your hands nicely tied, now. How he laughs at you; and serves you right! Why, in another week he'll be in the East Indies; of course he will! And you'll have to pay his debts; yes, your children may go in rags, so that Mr. Prettyman—what do you say? it isn't Prettyman? I know better. Well, if it isn't Prettyman that's kept you out, if it isn't Prettyman you're bailed for, who is it then? What! my brother? Brother Tom? Oh, Caudle! dear Caudle——

* * * * *

“It was too much for the poor soul,” says Caudle; “she sobbed as if her heart would break, and I”—and here the MS. is blotted, as though Caudle himself had dropped tears as he wrote.

—o—

EGO ET ECHO.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

I asked of Echo, t'other day
(Whose words are few and often funny),
What to a novice she could say
Of courtship, love, and matrimony?
Quoth Echo, plainly: “Matter-o'-money!”

Whom should I marry? Should it be
A dashing damsel, gay and pert,—
A pattern of inconstancy;
Or selfish, mercenary flirt?
Quoth Echo, sharply: "Nary flirt!"

What if aweary of the strife
That long has lured the dear deceiver,
She promised to amend her life,
And sin no more, can I believe her?
Quoth Echo, very promptly: "Leave her!"

But if some maiden with a heart,
On me should venture to bestow it,
Pray, should I act the wiser part
To take the treasure, or forego it?
Quoth Echo, with decision: "Go it!"

Suppose a billet-doux (in rhyme),
As warm as if Catullus penned it,
Declare her beauty so sublime
That Cytherea's can't transcend it,
Quoth Echo, very clearly: "Send it!"

But what if, seemingly afraid
To bind her fate in Hymen's fetter,
She vow she means to die a maid—
In answer to my loving letter?
Quoth Echo, rather coolly: "Let her!"

What if, in spite of her disdain,
I find my heart entwined about
With Cupid's dear, delicious chain,
So closely that I can't get out?
Quoth Echo, laughingly: "Get out!"

But if some maid with beauty blest,
As pure and fair as heaven can make her,
Will share my labor and my rest,
Till envious death shall overtake her?
Quoth Echo (sotto voce): "Take her!"

THE BELLS OF MOSCOW.

BY DR. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

It was in the summer that I saw Moscow, in some respects the most splendid city under the sun. I ascended a tower of some two hundred and fifty feet, just before sunset, and on each platform there were bells, large and small, and I climbed up among the bells; and then as I reached the top, all the bells underneath me began to ring, and they were joined by the bells of fourteen hundred towers and domes and turrets. Some of the bells sent out a faint tinkle of sound, a sweet tintinnabulation that seemed to bubble in the air, and others thundered forth boom after boom, boom after boom, until it seemed to shake the earth and fill the heavens—sounds so weird, so sweet, so awful, so grand, so charming, so tremendous, so soft, so rippling, so reverberating—and they seemed to wreathe, and whirl, and rise, and sink, and burst, and roll, and mount and die. I saw all the fourteen hundred turrets aflame with the sunset, roofs of gold and walls of malachite, and architecture of all colors mingling the brown of autumnal forests and the blue of summer heavens, and the conflagration of morning skies, and the green of rich meadows, and

the foam of tossing seas. The mingling of so many colors with so many sounds was an entrancement almost too much for human nerves, or human eyes, or human ears. I expect to see nothing to equal it until you and I see heaven. But that will surpass it and make the memory of what I saw that July evening in Moscow almost tame and insipid. All heaven aglow and all heaven a-ring, not in the sunset but in the sunrise. Voices of our own kindred mingling with the doxologies of empires. Organs of eternal worship resounding to the trumpets that have wakened the dead. Nations in white. Centuries in coronation. Anthems like the voice of many waters. Circle of martyrs. Circle of apostles. Circle of prophets. Thrones of cherubim. Thrones of seraphim. Throne of archangel. Throne of Christ. Throne of God. Thrones! Thrones!

THE NIGHT WATCH.

BY FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

[The scene is a chateau in Paris during the German siege. A wounded German officer lying on a bed. Attending him the daughter of the house, Irene de Grandfief, whose lover, the Viscount Roger, is with the French army at Metz. He wears a gold medallion on his breast containing the lock of hair Irene gave him at parting.]

The officer at last,
Wonder and gratitude upon his face,
Sank down among the pillows deftly laid as one
asleep.

Evening came,
Bringing the doctor. When he saw his patient,
A strange expression flitted o'er his face,
As to himself he muttered: "Yes; flushed cheek;
Pulse beating much too high. Phew! a bad night;
Fever, delirium, and the rest that follows!"—
"But will he die?" with tremor on her lip
Irene asked.

"Who knows? If possible,
We must arrest the fever. This prescription
Oft succeeds. But some one must take note
Of the oncoming fits; must watch till morn,
And tend him closely."

"Doctor, I am here."

"Not you, young lady! Service such as this
One of your valets can—"

"No, doctor, no!

Roger perchance may be a prisoner yonder,
Hurt, ill. If he such tending should require
As does this officer, I would he had
A gentle lady for his nurse."

"So be it,

You will keep watch, then, through the night.

The fever
Must not take hold, or he will straightway die.
Give him the potion four times every hour.
I will return to judge of its effects
At daylight." Then he went his way.

Scarcely a minute had she been in charge
When the Bavarian, to Irene turning, said,
"This doctor thought I was asleep;
But I heard every word. I thank you, lady;
I thank you from my very inmost heart—
Less for myself than for her sake, to whom
You would restore me, and who there at home
Awaits me."

"Hush! Sleep if you can.
Do not excite yourself. Your life depends
On perfect quiet."

"No, no!
I must at once unload me of a secret
That weighs upon me. I a promise made;
And I would keep it. Death may be at hand."

"Speak, then," Irene said, "and ease your soul."
"It was last month, by Metz; 'twas my ill fate
To kill a Frenchman."

She turned pale, and lowered
The lamp-light to conceal it. He continued:
"We were sent forward to surprise a cottage.
I drove my sabre
Into the soldier's back who sentry stood
Before the door. He fell; nor gave the alarm.
We took the cottage, putting to the sword
Every soul there.

Disgusted with such carnage,
Loathing such scene, I stepped into the air;
Just then the moon broke through the clouds and
showed me
There at my feet a soldier on the ground.
'Twas he,
The sentry whom my sabre had transpierced.

I stooped, to offer him a helping hand;
But, with choked voice, 'It is too late,' he said.
'I must needs die. . . . You are an officer—
Promise—only promise
To forward this,' he said, his fingers clutching
A gold medallion hanging at his breast,
'To—' Then his latest thought
Passed with his latest breath. The loved one's
name,
Mistress or bride affianced, was not told
By that poor Frenchman. Seeing blazoned arms
On the medallion, I took charge of it,
Hoping to trace her at some future day
Among the old nobility of France,
To whom reverts the dying soldier's gift.
Here it is. Take it. But, I pray you, swear
That, if death spares me not, you will fulfill
This pious duty in my place."

Therewith

He the medallion handed her; and on it
Irene saw the Viscount Roger's blazoned arms.
'I swear it, sir!' she murmured. "Sleep in
peace!"

Solaced by having this disclosure made,
The wounded man sank down in sleep. Irene,
Her bosom heaving, and with eyes aflame
Though tearless all, stood rooted by his side.
Yes, he is dead, her lover! These his arms;
His blazon this; the very blood stains his!

Struck from behind,
Without or cry or call for comrades' help,
Roger was murdered. And there, sleeping, lies
The man who murdered him! Yes; he has boasted
How in the back the traitorous blow was dealt.
And now he sleeps with drowsiness oppressed,
Roger's assassin; and 'twas I, Irene,
Who bade him sleep in peace! O,
With what cruel mockery, cruel and supreme—

Must I give him tendance here,
By this couch watch till dawn of day,
As loving mother by a suffering child!
So that he die not!
And there the flask upon the table stands
Charged with his life. He waits it! Is not this
Beyond imagination horrible?

Oh, away! such point
Forbearance reaches not. What!—while it glitters
There in sheath, the very sword
Wherewith the murderer struck the blow.
Fierce impulse bids it from the scabbard leap—
Shall I, in deference
To some fantastic notion that affects
Human respect and duty, shall I put
Repose and sleep and antidote and life
Into the horrible hand by which all joy
Is ravished from me? Never! I will break
The assuaging flask. . . . But no! 'Twere need-
less that.

I need but leave to Fate to work the end.
Fate, to avenge me, seems to be at one
With my resolve. 'Twere but to let him die!
Yes; there the life-preserving potion stands;
But for one hour might I not fall asleep?
"Infamy!"

And still the struggle lasted, till the German,
Roused by her deep groans from his wandering
dreams,
Moved, ill at ease and feverish, begged for drink.
Up toward the antique cross in ivory
At the bed's head suspended on the wall
Irene raised the martyr's look sublime;
Then, ashen pale, poured out
The soothing draught, and with a delicate hand
Gave to the wounded man the drink he asked.
And so wore on the laggard, pitiless hours.

But when the doctor in the morning came,
And saw her still beside the officer,
Tending him and giving him his drink
With trembling fingers, he was much amazed
To see that through the dreary watches of the
night,
The raven locks that crowned her fair young brow
at set of sun,
By morning's dawn had turned to snowy white.



THE AMATEUR TINSMITH.

FROM THE DANBURY NEWS.

A Munson street man, being told that there were several pieces of tinware which needed mending, conceived the idea of getting the iron and solder and doing the mending himself. His wife, filled with vague forebodings perhaps, said that the expense was such a trifle that it would hardly pay to do it one's self, to which he responded: "I'll admit that in this one instance it would not pay, but there is something in want of repair every little while, and if I have the tools here for fixing it we are saved just so much expense right along. It may not be much in the course of a year, but every little helps, and in time the total amounts to a nice little lump. We don't want the Astors lugging off all the money in the country."

He got the iron, one dollar and fifty cents'

worth of solder and ten cents' worth of rosin. He came home with these things and went into the kitchen, looking so proud and happy that his wife would have been glad of the purchase were it not for an overpowering dread of an impending muss. He called for the articles needing repair. His wife brought out a pan.

"Where's the rest? Bring 'em all out, an' let me make one job of 'em while I'm about it."

He got them all and seemed to be disappointed that there were no more of them. He pushed the iron into the fire, got a milk pan inverted on his knees, and with the solder in his hand, waited for the right heat.

"That iron only cost a dollar, and it'll never wear out, and there's enough solder in this piece to do twenty-five dollars' worth of mending," he explained to his wife.

Pretty soon the iron was at right heat, he judged. He rubbed the rosin about the hole which was to be repaired, and held the stick of solder over it, and carefully applied the iron. It was an intensely interesting moment. His wife watched him with feverish interest. He said, speaking laboriously, as he applied the iron:

"The only-thing-I-regret-about-it-is-that-I-didn't-think-of-getting-this-before-we—"

Then ascended through the ceiling the

awfulest yell that woman ever heard, and the same instant the soldering iron flew across the stove, the pan went clattering across the floor, and the bar of solder struck the wall with such force as to smash through both the plaster and the lath. And before her horrified gaze danced her husband in an ecstasy of agony, sobbing, screaming and holding on to his left leg as desperately as if it were made of gold and studded with diamonds.

"Get the camphor, why don't you?" he yelled. "Send for the doctor. Oh, oh, I'm a dead man," he shouted.

Just then his gaze rested on the soldering iron. In an instant he caught it up and hurled it through the window, without the preliminary of raising the sash.

It was some little time before the thoroughly frightened and confused woman learned that some of the molten solder had run through the hole in the pan and on his leg, although she knew from the first that something of an unusual nature had occurred. She didn't send for the doctor. She made and applied the poultices herself to save expense. She said:

"We don't want the Astors lugging off all the money in the country."

THE PURITAN.

[From an address delivered by George William Curtis at the unveiling of the statue of The Pilgrim, in Central Park, New York, June, 1885.]

The Puritan came to America seeking freedom to worship God. He meant only freedom to worship God in his own way, not in the Quaker way, not in the Baptist way, not in the Church of England way. But the seed that he brought was immortal. His purpose was to feed with it his own barnyard fowl, but it quickened into an illimitable forest, covering a continent with grateful shade, the home of every bird that flies. Freedom to worship God is universal freedom, a free State as well as a free Church, and that was the inexorable but unconscious logic of Puritanism. Holding that the true rule of religious faith and worship was written in the Bible, and that every man must read and judge for himself, the Puritan conceived the Church as a body of independent seekers and interpreters of the truth, dispensing with priests and priestly orders and functions; organizing itself and calling no man master. But this sense of equality before God and toward each other in the religious congregation, affecting and adjusting the highest and most eternal of all human relations, that of

man to his Maker, applied itself instinctively to the relation of man to man in human society, and thus popular government flowed out of the Reformation, and the republic became the natural political expression of Puritanism. Banished, moreover, by the pitiless English persecution, the Puritans, exiles and poor in a foreign land, a colony in Holland before they were a colony in America, were compelled to self-government, to a common sympathy and support, to bearing one another's burdens, and so by the stern experience of actual life they were trained in the virtues most essential for the fulfillment of their august but unimagined destiny. The patriots of the Continental Congress seemed to Lord Chatham imposing beyond the lawgivers of Greece and Rome. The Constitutional Convention a hundred years ago was an assembly so wise that its accomplished work is reverently received by continuous generations as the children of Israel received the tables of the law which Moses brought down from the holy mount. Happy, thrice happy, the people which to such scenes in their history can add the simple grandeur of the spectacle in the cabin of the Mayflower, the Puritans signing the compact which was but the formal expression of the government that voluntarily they had

established—the scene which makes Plymouth Rock a stepping-stone from the freedom of the solitary Alps and the disputed liberties of England to the fully developed, constitutional, and well-ordered Republic of the United States.

Here in this sylvan seclusion, amid the sunshine and the singing of birds, we raise the statue of the Pilgrim, that in this changeless form the long procession of the generations which shall follow us may see what manner of man he was to the outward eye, whom history and tradition have so often flouted and traduced, but who walked undismayed the solitary heights of duty and of everlasting service to mankind. Here let him stand, the soldier of a free church, calmly defying the hierarchy, the builder of a free State serenely confronting the continent which he shall settle and subdue. The unspeaking lips shall chide our unworthiness, the lofty mien exalt our littleness, the unblenching eye invigorate our weakness, and the whole poised and firmly planted form reveal the unconquerable moral energy—the master force of American civilization. So stood the sentinel on Sabbath morning guarding the plain house of prayer while wife and child and neighbor worshiped within. So mused the Pilgrim in the rapt sunset hour on the New England

shore, his soul caught up into the dazzling vision of the future, beholding the glory of the nation that should be. And so may that nation stand forever and forever, the mighty guardian of human liberty, of God-like justice, of Christlike brotherhood.



TOM.

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

Yes, Tom's the best fellow that ever you knew.
Just listen to this:

When the old mill took fire, and the flooring fell
through,

And I with it, helpless there, full in my view
What do you think my eyes saw through the fire
That crept along, crept along, nigher and nigher,
But Robin, my baby-boy, laughing to see
The shining? He must have come there after me,
Toddled alone from the cottage, without
Any one's missing him. Then, what a shout—
Oh! how I shouted, "For Heaven's sake, men,
Save little Robin!"

Again and again

They tried, but the fire held them back like a
wall.

I could hear them go at it, and at it, and call,
"Never mind, baby, sit still like a man!
We're coming to get you as fast as we can."
They could not see him, but I could. He sat
Still on a beam, his little straw hat
Carefully placed by his side; and his eyes
Stared at the flame with a baby's surprise,
Calm and unconscious, as nearer it crept.

The roar of the fire up above must have kept
The sound of his mother's voice shrieking his
name

From reaching the child. But I heard it. It came
Again and again. O God, what a cry!

The axes went faster: I saw the sparks fly
Where the men worked like tigers, nor minded
the heat

That scorched them,—when, suddenly, there at
their feet,

The great beams leaned in—they saw him—then,
crash!

Down came the wall! The men made a dash,
Jumped to get out of the way, and I thought,
“All's up with poor little Robin!” and brought
Slowly the arm that was least hurt to hide
The sight of the child there,—when swift, at my
side,

Some one rushed by, and went right through the
flame,

Straight as a dart—caught the child—and then
came

Back with him, choking and crying, but—saved!
Saved safe and sound.

Oh, how the men raved,
Shouted, and cried, and hurrahd! Then they all
Rushed at the work again, lest the back wall
Where I was lying, away from the fire,
Should fall in and bury me.

Oh! you'd admire
To see Robin now: he's as bright as a dime,
Deep in some mischief, too, most of the time.
Tom, it was, saved him. Now, isn't it true
Tom's the best fellow that ever you knew?
There's Robin now! See, he's strong as a log!
And there comes Tom, too—

Yes, Tom was our dog.

THE RATIONALISTIC CHICKEN.

[What a chicken might think on seeing the shell from which it came, if chickens reasoned on the principles accepted in some of our colleges.]

Most strange!

Most queer—although most excellent a change!

Shades of the prison-house, ye disappear!

My fettered thoughts have won a wider range,

And, like my legs, are free;

No longer huddled up so pitiably;

Free now to pry and probe, and peer and peer,

And make these mysteries out.

Shall a free-thinking chicken live in doubt?

For now in doubt undoubtedly I am;

This problem's very heavy on my mind;

And I'm not one to either shirk or sham;

I won't be blinded and I won't be blind!

Now, let me see:

First, I would know how did I get in there?

Then, where was I of yore?

Besides, why didn't I get out before?

Dear me!

Here are three puzzles (out of plenty more),

Enough to give me pip upon the brain!

But let me think again!

How do I know I ever was inside?

Now I reflect, it is I do maintain,

Less than my reason, and beneath my pride,

To think that I could dwell

In such a paltry, miserable cell

As that old shell.

Of course I couldn't! How could I have lain—

Body and beak and feathers, legs and wings,

And my deep heart's sublime imaginings—

In there?

I meet the notion with profound disdain;
It's quite incredible; since I declare
(And I'm a chicken that you can't deceive),
What I can't understand I won't believe!

Where did I come from, then? Ah, where indeed?

This is a riddle monstrous hard to read.

I have it! Why, of course,
All things are moulded by some plastic force
Out of some atoms somewhere up in space,
Fortuitously concurrent anyhow.

There now!

That's plain as is the beak upon my face.

What's that I hear?

My mother cackling at me—just her way,
So prejudiced and ignorant, I say,
So far behind the wisdom of the day.

What's old I can't revere.

Hark at her. "You're a silly chick, my dear,
That's quite as plain, alack!

As is the piece of shell upon your back!"

How bigoted! Upon my back, indeed!

I don't believe it's there;

For I can't see it; and I do declare,

For all her fond deceivin',

What I can't see, I never will believe in!

THE LITTLE HATCHET STORY.

BY R. N. BURDETTE.

[The story of a disappointing attempt to impart to an inattentive boy the familiar story of George Washington's youth.]

And so, smiling, we went on.

"Well, one day, George's father—"

"George who?" asked Clarence.

"George Washington. He was a little boy, then, just like you. One day his father—"

"Whose father?" demanded Clarence, with an encouraging expression of interest.

"George Washington's; this great man we are telling you of. One day George Washington's father gave him a little hatchet for a—"

"Gave who a little hatchet?" the dear child interrupted, with a gleam of bewitching intelligence. Most men would have got mad, or betrayed signs of impatience, but we didn't. We know how to talk to children. So we went on:

"George Washington. His—"

"Who gave him the little hatchet?"

"His father. And his father—"

"Whose father?"

"George Washington's."

"Oh!"

"Yes, George Washington. And his father told him—"

"Told who?"

"Told George."

"Oh, yes, George."

And we went on, just as patient and as pleasant as you could imagine. We took up the story right where the boy interrupted, for we could see he was just crazy to hear the end of it. We said:

"And he was told—"

"George told him?" queried Clarence.

"No, his father told George—"

"Oh!"

"Yes; told him he must be careful with the hatchet—"

"Who must be careful?"

"George must."

"Oh!"

"Yes; must be careful with his hatchet—"

"What hatchet?"

"Why, George's."

"Oh!"

"With the hatchet, and not cut himself with it, or drop it in the cistern, or leave it out in the grass all night. So George went round cutting everything he could reach with his hatchet. And at last he came to a splendid apple tree, his father's favorite, and cut it down, and—"

"Who cut it down?"

"George did."

"Oh!"

"But his father came home and saw it the first thing, and—"

"Saw the hatchet?"

"No, saw the apple tree. And he said, 'Who has cut down my favorite apple tree?'"

"What apple tree?"

"George's father's. And everybody said they didn't know anything about it, and—"

"Anything about what?"

"The apple tree."

"Oh!"

"And George came up and heard them talking about it—"

"Heard who talking about it?"

"Heard his father and the men."

"What were they talking about?"

"About this apple tree."

"What apple tree?"

"The favorite tree that George cut down."

"George who?"

"George Washington."

"Oh!"

"So George came up and heard them talking about it, and he—"

"What did he cut it down for?"

"Just to try his little hatchet."

"Whose little hatchet?"

"Why, his own, the one his father gave him."

"Gave who?"

"Why, George Washington."

"Oh!"

"So George came up, and he said, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie, I—' "

"Who couldn't tell a lie?"

"Why, George Washington. He said, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie. It was—' "

"His father couldn't?"

"Why, no; George couldn't."

"Oh! George? oh, yes!"

"'It was I cut down your apple tree; I did—' "

"His father did?"

"No, no; it was George said this."

"Said he cut his father?"

"No, no, no; said he cut down his apple tree."

"George's apple tree?"

"No, no; his father's."

"Oh!"

"He said—"

"His father said?"

"No, no, no; George said, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie; I did it with my little hatchet.' And his father said, 'Noble boy, I would rather lose a thousand trees than have you tell a lie.' "

"George did?"

"No, his father said that."

"Said he'd rather have a thousand apple trees?"

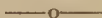
"No, no, no; said he'd rather lose a thousand apple trees than—"

"Said he'd rather George would?"

"No, said he'd rather he would than have him lie."

"Oh! George would rather have his father lie?"

We are patient and we love children, but if Mrs. Caruthers hadn't come and got her prodigy at that critical juncture, we don't believe all Burlington could have pulled us out of the snarl. And as Clarence Alençon de Marchemont Caruthers pattered down the stairs, we heard him telling his ma about a boy who had a father named George, and he told him to cut down an apple tree, and he said he'd rather tell a thousand lies than cut down one apple tree.



THE BUILDERS.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

All are architects of fate,
Working in these walls of time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these;
Leave no yawning gaps between;
Think not, because no man sees,
Such things will remain unseen.



OUR MINISTER'S SERMON.

The minister sed last night, sed he:
"Don't be afraid of givin';
If your life ain't worth nothin' to other folks,
Why, wot's the use of livin'?"
And that's wot I sed to my wife, sez I:
"There's Brown, the miserable sinner,
He'd sooner a beggar'd starve, than give
A cent toward buyin' his dinner."

I tell you our minister's prime; he is—
But I couldn't quite determine,
When I heard him givin' it right and left,
Just who was hit by his sermon.
Of course, there couldn't be no mistake
When he talked about long-winded prayin',
For Peters and Johnson, they sot and scowled
At ev'ry word he wuz sayin'.

And the minister he went on to say:
"There's various kinds of cheatin',
And religion's as good for ev'ry day
As it is to bring to meetin';
I don't think much of the man that gives
The loud amens at my preachin',
And spends his time the follerin' week
In cheatin' an' over-reachin'."

I guess that dose wuz bitter enough
For a man like Jones to swaller,
But I noticed he didn't open his mouth
Not once after that to holler.
"Hurrah!" sez I, "for the minister"
(Of course I sez it quiet),
"Give us some more of this open talk,
It's very refreshin' diet."

The minister bit 'em ev'ry time,
And when he spoke of fashion,
And riggin' out in bows and things
As woman's rulin' passion,
And goin' to church to see the styles,
I couldn't help a-winkin',
And nudgin' my wife, an' sez I, "That's you,"
I guess it sot her thinkin'!

Sez I to myself, "That sermon's pat,
But man is a queer creation,
And I'm much afraid that most of the folks
Won't take the application.
Now if he'd said a word about
My particular mode of sinnin',
I'd gone right to work to right myself
And not sot there a-grinnin'.

Just then the minister sez, sez he,
"And now I've come to the fellers
Who've lost this shower by usin' their friends
As a sort of moral umbrellers.
Go home!" sez he, "and find your faults
Instead of huntin' your brother's,
Go home," sez he, "and wear the coats
You're tryin' to fit on others!"

My wife she nudged, and Brown he winked,
And there wuz lots of smilin',
And lots of lookin' at our pew—
It sot my blood a-bilin'.

Sez I to myself, "Our minister
Is gettin' a little bitter,
I'll tell him when the meetin's out
That I ain't that kind of a critter."



THE BALD-HEADED MAN.

FROM THE LITTLE ROCK GAZETTE.

The other day a lady, accompanied by her son, a very small boy, boarded a train at Little Rock. The woman had a careworn expression hanging over her face like a tattered veil, and many of the rapid questions asked by the boy were answered by unconscious sighs.

"Ma," said the boy, "that man's like a baby, ain't he?" pointing to a bald-headed man sitting just in front of them.

"Hush!"

"Why must I hush?"

After a few minutes' silence: "Ma, what's the matter with that man's head?"

"Hush, I tell you. He's bald."

"What's bald?"

"His head hasn't got any hair on it."

"Did it come off?"

"I guess so."

"Will mine come off?"

"Sometime, maybe."

"Then I'll be bald, won't I?"

"Yes."

"Will you care?"

"Don't ask so many questions."

After another silence, the boy exclaimed:

"Ma, look at that fly on that man's head."

"If you don't hush, I'll whip you when we get home."

"Look! There's another fly. Look at 'em fight; look at 'em!"

"Madam," said the man, putting aside a newspaper and looking around, "what's the matter with that young hyena?"

The woman blushed, stammered out something, and attempted to smooth back the boy's hair.

"One fly, two flies, three flies," said the boy, innocently, following with his eyes a basket of oranges carried by a newsboy.

"Here, you young hedgehog," said the bald-headed man, "if you don't hush, I'll have the conductor put you off the train."

The poor woman, not knowing what else to do, boxed the boy's ears, and then gave him an orange to keep him from crying.

"Ma, have I got red marks on my head?"

"I'll whip you again, if you don't hush."

"Mister," said the boy, after a short silence, "does it hurt to be bald-headed?"

"Youngster," said the man, "if you'll keep quiet, I'll give you a quarter."

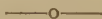
The boy promised, and the money was paid over.

The man took up his paper, and resumed his reading.

"This is my bald-headed money," said the boy. "When I get bald-headed, I'm goin' to give boys money. Mister, have all bald-headed men got money?"

The annoyed man threw down his paper, arose, and exclaimed: "Madam, hereafter, when you travel, leave that young gorilla at home. Hitherto, I always thought that the old prophet was very cruel for calling the bears to kill the children for making sport of his head, but now I am forced to believe that he did a Christian act. If your boy had been in the crowd, he would have died first. If I can't find another seat on this train, I'll ride on the cow-catcher rather than remain here."

"The bald-headed man is gone," said the boy; and as the woman leaned back a tired sigh escaped from her lips.



THE PALACE O' THE KING.

BY WILLIAM MITCHELL.

It's a bonnie, bonnie warl' that we're livin' in the
noo,
An' sunny is the lan' we aften traivel thro';
But in vain we look for something to which our
hearts can cling,
For its beauty is as naething to the palace o' the
King.

We like the gilded simmer, wi' its merry, merry
tread,
An' we sigh when hoary winter lays its beauties
wi' the dead;
For though bonnie are the snawflakes, an' the
down on winter's wing,
It's fine to ken it daurna' touch the palace o' the
King.

Then again, I've just been thinkin' that when
a' thing here's sae bricht,
The sun in a' its grandeur an' the mune wi'
quiverin' licht,
The ocean i' the simmer or the woodland i' the
spring,
What maun it be up yonder i' the palace o' the
King?

It's here we hae oor trials, an' its here that He
prepares
A' His chosen for the raiment which the ransomed
sinner wears,
An' it's here that He wad hear us, 'mid oor tribu-
lations sing,
"We'll trust oor God wha reigneth i' the palace
o' the King."

Though His palace is up yonder, He has kingdoms
here below,
An' we are His ambassadors, wherever we may go;
We've a message to deliver, and we've lost anes
hame to bring
To be leal and loyal-heartit i' the palace o' the
King.

Oh, it's honor heaped on honor that His courtiers
should be ta'en
Frae the wand'rin' anes He died for, i' this warl'
o' sin and pain,

An' it's fu'est love an' service that the Christian
aye should bring
To the feet o' Him wha reigneth i' the palace o'
the King.

An' let us trust Him better than we've ever done
afore,
For the King will feed His servants frae His ever
bounteous store.
Let us keep a closer grip o' Him, for time is on
the wing,
An' sune He'll come and tak' us to the palace o'
the King.

Its iv'ry halls are bonnie, upon which the rainbows
shine,
An' its Eden bow'rs are trellised wi' a never-fadin'
vine,
An' the pearly gates o' heaven do a glorious radi-
ance fling
On the starry floor that shimmers i' the palace of
the King.

Nae nicht shall be in heaven, an' nae desolatin'
sea,
An' nae tyrant hoofs shall trample i' the city o'
the free.
There's an everlastin' daylight, an' a never-fadin'
spring,
Where the Lamb is a' the glory, i' the palace o'
the King.

We see oor frien's await us ower yonder at His
gate:
Then let us a' be ready, for ye ken it's gettin'
late:
Let oor lamps be brichtly burnin'; let's raise oor
voice an' sing,
"Sune we'll meet, to pairt nae mair, i' the palace
o' the King."

OUR FLAG.

BY A. L. STONE.

Ringed about with the flame and smoke of rebel batteries, one solitary flag went down, torn and scathed, on the blackened and battered walls of Sumter. Then the slumberous fire burst forth and blazed up from the hearts of the people. The painted symbol of the national life, under which our populations of city and country had walked to and fro with tranquil footstep, stirring its peaceful folds with no shouts of chivalrous and romantic deference, had been torn down and trodden under the feet of traitors. Every shred and thread of that mangled symbol was taken into the tender baptism of the nation's heart, and hallowed by the stern vow of the nation's consecration. It was torn down from a single flagstaff, and as the tidings of that outrage swept, ringing and thrilling through the land, ten thousand banners were run up on every hill-top and in every vale, on church towers and armed fortress and peaceful private homes, till the heavens over us looked down upon more stars than they kept in their own nightly vault, and more stripes white with wrath and red with vengeance than ever flamed in the east of breaking day.

And then the cry went forth, "Rally round the Flag, boys!" and every instrument of martial music took up the strain, and church bells pealed it forth, and church choirs sang it as Miriam and Deborah sang of old, and mothers chanted it to their sons, and young wives gave it forth with dewy eyes and quivering lips, and sisters and sweethearts breathed it as a tender adieu to the brave lads than whom nothing was dearer to them but God and country, and the voices gathered into a mighty chorus that swept over the New England hills and across the breadth of midland prairies, and dashed its waves over the summits of the mountains, and down these western slopes, till they met and mingled with the waves of the Pacific—the full unison echoing here through all our streets and homes, "Rally round the Flag, boys! Rally once again!"

How well they followed the flag through four fateful years; how high they lifted it amid the tempest of battle; how often they baptized it with brave young blood and blessed it dying; how they bore it on to full and final victory, and planted it where we think no hand of man shall ever assail it again, is a story we need not tell to-day.

It has been blackened and torn on many a field and in many a hurtling storm, but never dishonored. It is all the

dearer and more sacred for its rents and its wounds.

And though so mangled and torn, it is still one whole flag. All the stars are there. Some of them, with mad centrifugal movement, sought to break from their orbit and dismember the glorious constellation. But the centripetal force was mightier yet, and held them fast in that indivisible stellar Union. And coming through such peril of loss, and waving above us to-day so restored and complete, it has for us and mankind lessons of warning and of hope, of fidelity and duty, which are the war's legacy to the nation and to history, and which we shall do well to learn and to remember.



IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT.

If I should die to-night,
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting-place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair;
And, laying snow-white flowers against my hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress;
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night!

If I should die to-night,
My friends would call to mind, with loving
thought,
Some kindly deed the icy hand had wrought;
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said;
Errands on which the willing feet had sped.

The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words, would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

If I should die to-night,
Even hearts estranged would turn once more to
me,
Recalling other days remorsefully.
The eyes that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And soften in the old, familiar way;
For who could war with dumb, unconscious clay?
So I might rest, forgiven of all, to-night.

O friends! I pray to-night
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow.
The way is lonely; let me feel them now.
Think gently of me; I am travel-worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
Forgive, O hearts estranged, forgive, I plead!
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night.



A MEMORABLE NIGHT.

BY MARK TWAIN.

[As related by Mr. McWilliams, a pleasant New York gentleman whom the writer met by chance on a journey.]

Well, to go back to where I was before I digressed, to explain to you how that frightful and incurable disease, membranous croup, was ravaging the town and driving all mothers mad with terror, I called Mrs. McWilliams' attention to little Penelope, and said:

"Darling, I wouldn't let that child be chewing that pine stick if I were you."

"Precious, where is the harm in it?" said she, but at the same time preparing to take away the stick—for women cannot receive even the most palpably judicious suggestion without arguing it; that is, married women.

I replied:

"Love, it is notorious that pine is the least nutritious wood that a child can eat."

My wife's hand paused in the act of taking the stick, and returned itself to her lap. She bridled perceptibly, and said:

"Hubby, you know better than that. You know you do. Doctors all say that the turpentine in pine wood is good for weak back and the kidneys."

"Ah—I was under a misapprehension. I did not know that the child's kidneys and spine were affected, and that the family physician had recommended—"

"Who said the child's spine and kidneys were affected?"

"My love, you intimated it."

"The idea! I never intimated anything of the kind."

"Why, my dear, it hasn't been two minutes since you said—"

"Bother what I said! I don't care what I did say. There isn't any harm in the child's chewing a bit of pine stick if she

wants to, and you know it perfectly well. And she shall chew it, too. So there, now!"

"Say no more, my dear. I now see the force of your reasoning, and I will go and order two or three cords of the best pine wood to-day. No child of mine shall want while I—"

"Oh, please go along to your office and let me have some peace. A body can never make the simplest remark but you must take it up and go to arguing and arguing and arguing till you don't know what you are talking about, and you never do."

"Very well, it shall be as you say. But there is a want of logic in your last remark which—"

However, she was gone with a flourish before I could finish, and had taken the child with her. That night at dinner she confronted me with a face as white as a sheet:

"Oh, Mortimer, there's another! Little Georgie Gordon is taken."

"Membranous croup?"

"Membranous croup."

"Is there any hope for him?"

"None in the wide world. What is to become of us?"

By-and-by nurse brought in our Penelope to say good-night and offer the customary prayer at the mother's knee. In the midst

of "Now I lay me down to sleep," she gave a slight cough! My wife fell back like one stricken with death. But the next moment she was up and brimming with the activities which terror inspires.

She commanded that the child's crib be removed from the nursery to our bed-room; and she went along to see the order executed. She took me with her, of course. We got matters arranged with speed. A cot bed was put up in my wife's dressing-room for the nurse. But now Mrs. McWilliams said we were too far away from the other baby, and what if he were to have the symptoms in the night—and she blanched again, poor thing.

We then restored the crib and the nurse to the nursery and put up a bed for ourselves in a room adjoining.

Presently, however, Mrs. McWilliams said, suppose the baby should catch it from Penelope? This thought struck a new panic to her heart, and the tribe of us could not get the crib out of the nursery again fast enough to satisfy my wife, though she assisted in her own person and well nigh pulled the crib to pieces in her frantic hurry.

We moved down-stairs; but there was no place there to stow the nurse, and Mrs. McWilliams said the nurse's experience would be an inestimable help. So we

returned, bag and baggage, to our own bedroom once more, and felt a great gladness, like storm-buffed birds that have found their nest again.

Mrs. McWilliams sped to the nursery to see how things were going on there. She was back in a moment with a new dread. She said:

“What can make Baby sleep so?”

I said:

“Why, my darling, Baby always sleeps like a graven image.”

“I know; I know; but there’s something peculiar about his sleep now. He seems to—to—he seems to breathe so regularly. Oh, this is dreadful.”

“But, my dear, he always breathes regularly.”

“Oh, I know it, but there’s something frightful about it now. His nurse is too young and inexperienced. Maria shall stay there with her, and be on hand if anything happens.”

“That is a good idea, but who will help you?”

“You can help me all I want. I wouldn’t allow anybody to do anything but myself, anyhow, at such a time as this.”

I said I would feel mean to lie abed and sleep, and leave her to watch and toil over our little patient all the weary night—but

she reconciled me to it. So old Maria departed and took up her ancient quarters in the nursery.

Penelope coughed twice in her sleep.

"Oh, why don't that doctor come! Mortimer, this room is too warm. This room is certainly too warm. Turn off the reigster—quick!"

I shut it off, glancing at the thermometer at the same time, and wondering to myself if seventy was too warm for a sick child.

The coachman arrived from down town, now, with the news that our physician was ill and confined to his bed. Mrs. McWilliams turned a dead eye upon me, and said in a dead voice:

"There is a providence in it. It is fore-ordained. He never was sick before. Never! We have not been living as we ought to live, Mortimer. Time and time again I have told you so. Now you see the result. Our child will never get well. Be thankful if you can forgive yourself; I never can forgive myself."

I said, without intent to hurt, but with heedless choice of words, that I could not see that we had been living such an abandoned life.

"Mortimer! Do you want to bring the judgment upon Baby, too?"

Then she began to cry, but suddenly exclaimed:

"The doctor must have sent medicines!"

I said:

"Certainly. They are here. I was only waiting for you to give me a chance."

"Well, do give them to me! Don't you know that every moment is precious now? But what was the use in sending medicines, when he knows that the disease is incurable?"

I said that while there was life there was hope.

"Hope! Mortimer, you know no more what you are talking about than the child unborn. If you would—as I live, the directions say give one teaspoonful once an hour! Once an hour!—as if we had a whole year before us to save the child in! Mortimer, please hurry. Give the poor perishing thing a tablespoonful, and try to be quick!"

"Why, my dear, a tablespoonful might—"

"Don't drive me frantic! . . . There, there, there, my precious, my own; it's nasty bitter stuff, but it's good for Nelly—good for mother's precious darling; and it will make her well. There, there, there, put the little head on mamma's breast and go to sleep, and pretty soon—Oh, I know she can't live till morning! Mortimer, a tablespoonful every half hour will—Oh, the child needs belladonna too; I know she does—and aconite. Get them, Mortimer.

Now do let me have my way. You know nothing about these things."

We now went to bed, placing the crib close to my wife's pillow. All this turmoil had worn upon me, and within two minutes I was something more than half asleep. Mrs. McWilliams roused me:

"Darling, is that register turned on?"

"No."

"I thought as much. Please turn it on at once. This room is cold."

I turned it on, and presently fell asleep again. I was aroused once more:

"Dearie, would you mind moving the crib to your side of the bed? It is nearer the register."

I moved it, but had a collision with the rug and woke up the child. I dozed off once more, while my wife quieted the sufferer. But in a little while these words came murmuring remotely through the fog of my drowsiness:

"Mortimer, if we only had some goose-grease—will you ring?"

I climbed dreamily out, and stepped on a cat, which responded with a protest and would have got a convincing kick for it if a chair had not got it instead.

"Now, Mortimer, why do you want to turn up the gas and wake up the child again?"

"Because I want to see how much I am hurt, Caroline."

"Well, look at the chair, too—I have no doubt it is ruined. Poor cat, suppose you had—"

"Now I am not going to suppose anything about the cat. It never would have occurred if Maria had been allowed to remain here and attend to these duties, which are in her line and are not in mine."

"Now, Mortimer, I should think you would be ashamed to make a remark like that. It is a pity if you cannot do the few little things I ask of you at such an awful time as this when our child—"

"There, there, I will do anything you want. But I can't raise anybody with this bell. They're all gone to bed. Where is the goose-grease?"

"On the mantel-piece in the nursery. If you'll step there and speak to Maria—"

I fetched the goose-grease and went to sleep again. Once more I was called:

"Mortimer, I so hate to disturb you, but the room is still too cold for me to try to apply this stuff. Would you mind lighting the fire? It is all ready to touch a match to."

I dragged myself out and lit the fire, and then sat down disconsolate.

"Mortimer, don't sit there and catch your death of cold. Come to bed."

As I was stepping in she said:

"But wait a moment. Please give the child some more of the medicine."

Which I did. It was a medicine which made a child more or less lively; so my wife made use of its waking interval to strip it and grease it all over with the goose-oil. I was soon asleep once more, but once more I had to get up.

"Mortimer, I feel a draft. I feel it distinctly. There is nothing so bad for this disease as a draft. Please move the crib in front of the fire."

I did it; and collided with the rug again, which I threw in the fire. Mrs. McWilliams sprang out of bed and rescued it and we had some words. I had another trifling interval of sleep, and then got up by request and constructed a flax-seed poultice. This was placed upon the child's breast and left there to do its healing work.

A wood fire is not a permanent thing. I got up every twenty minutes and renewed ours, and this gave Mrs. McWilliams the opportunity to shorten the times of giving the medicines by ten minutes, which was a great satisfaction to her. Now and then, between times, I reorganized the flax-seed poultices, and applied sinapisms and other sorts of blisters where unoccupied places could be found upon the child. Well,

toward morning the wood gave out and my wife wanted me to go down cellar and get some more. I said:

"My dear, it is a laborious job, and the child must be nearly warm enough, with her extra clothing. Now mightn't we put on another layer of poultices and—"

I did not finish, because I was interrupted. I lugged wood up from below for some little time, and then turned in and fell to snoring as only a man can whose strength is all gone and whose soul is worn out. Just at broad daylight I felt a grip on my shoulder that brought me to my senses suddenly. My wife was glaring down upon me and gasping. As soon as she could command her tongue she said:

"It is all over! All over! The child's perspiring! What shall we do?"

"Mercy, how you terrify me! I don't know what we ought to do. Maybe if we scraped her and put her in the draft again—"

"Oh, idiot! There is not a moment to lose! Go for the doctor. Go yourself. Tell him he must come, dead or alive."

I dragged that poor sick man from his bed and brought him. He looked at the child and said she was not dying. This was joy unspeakable to me, but it made my wife as mad as if he had offered her a personal affront. Then he said the child's cough

was only caused by some trifling irritation or other in the throat. At this I thought my wife had a mind to show him the door. Now the doctor said he would make the child cough harder and dislodge the trouble. So he gave her something that sent her into a spasm of coughing, and presently up came a little wood splinter or so.

"This child has no membranous croup," said he. "She has been chewing a bit of pine shingle or something of the kind, and got some little slivers in her throat. They won't do her any hurt."

"No," said I, "I can well believe that. Indeed the turpentine that is in them is very good for certain sorts of diseases that are peculiar to children. My wife will tell you so."

But she did not. She turned away in disdain and left the room; and since that time there is one episode in our life which we never refer to.

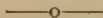
THE LIGHT THAT IS FELT.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

A tender child of summers three,
Seeking her little bed at night,
Paused on the dark stairs timidly.
"Oh, mother! Take my hand," said she,
"And then the dark will all be light."

We older children grope our way
From dark behind to dark before;
And only when our hands we lay,
Dear Lord, in Thine, the night is day
And there is darkness nevermore.

Reach downward to the sunless days
Wherein our guides are blind as we,
And faith is small and hope delays;
Take Thou the hands of prayer we raise.
And let us feel the light of Thee.



DESTINY OF AMERICA.

BY CHARLES PHILLIPS.

Search creation round, where can you find
a country that presents so sublime a view,
so interesting an anticipation? Who shall
say for what purpose mysterious Providence
may not have designed her! Who shall say
that when in its follies or its crimes, the
Old World may have buried all the pride of
its power, and all the pomp of its civiliza-
tion, human nature may not find its destined

renovation in the New! When its temples and its trophies shall have moldered into dust, when the glories of its name shall be but the legend of tradition, and the light of its achievements live only in song, philosophy will revive again in the sky of her Franklin, and glory rekindle at the urn of her Washington.

Is this the vision of romantic fancy? Is it even improbable? I appeal to history! Tell me, thou reverend chronicler of the grave, can all the allusions of ambition realized, can all the wealth of a universal commerce, can all the achievements of successful heroism, or all the establishments of this world's wisdom, secure to empire the permanency of its possessions? Alas, Troy thought so once; yet the land of Priam lives only in song! Thebes thought so once; yet her hundred gates have crumbled, and her very tombs are but as the dust they were vainly intended to commemorate! So thought Palmyra—where is she? So thought the countries of Demosthenes and the Spartan; yet Leonidas is trampled by the timid slave, and Athens insulted by the servile, mindless, and enervate Ottoman! In his hurried march, Time has but looked at their imagined immortality, and all its vanities, from the palace to the tomb, have, with their ruins, erased the very im-

pression of his footsteps! The days of their glory are as if they had never been; and the island that was then a speck, rude and neglected, in the barren ocean, now rivals the ubiquity of their commerce, the glory of their arms, the fame of their philosophy, the eloquence of their senate, and the inspiration of their bards! Who shall say, then, contemplating the past, that England, proud and potent as she appears, may not one day be what Athens is, and the young America yet soar to be what Athens was! Who shall say, when the European column shall have moldered, and the night of barbarism obscured its very ruins, that that mighty continent may not emerge from the horizon, to rule, for its time, sovereign of the ascendant!



WORDS OF STRENGTH.

BY FREDERICK SCHILLER.

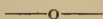
There are three lessons I would write,
Three words, as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light,
Upon the hearts of men.

Have hope. Though clouds environ now,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow—
No night but hath its morn.

Have faith. Where'er thy bark is driven,
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth—
Know this—God rates the hosts of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have love. Not love alone for one,
But man as man, thy brother call,
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul,
Hope, Faith and Love, and thou shalt find
Strength, when life's surges rudest roll,
Light, when thou else wert blind.



THE QUARREL.

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

Hard was the frost in the field, we were married
o' Christmas Day,
Married among the red berries, and all as merry
as May—
Those were the pleasant times, my house an' my
man were my pride,
We seem'd like ships i' the Channel a-sailing
with wind an' tide.

But work was scant in the Isle, tho' he tried the
villages round,
So Harry went over the Solent to see if work
could be found;
An' he wrote, "I ha' six weeks' work, little wife,
so far as I know;
I'll come for an hour to-morrow, an' kiss you
before I go."

So I set to righting the house, for wasn't he coming that day?
An' I hit on an old deal box that was push'd in a corner away,
It was full of old odds an' ends, an' a letter along wi' the rest;
I had better ha' put my naked hand in a hornet's nest.

"Sweetheart"—this was the letter—this was the letter I read—
"You promised to find me work near you, an' I wish I was dead—
Didn't you kiss me an' promise? you haven't done it, my lad,
An' I almost died o' your going away, an' I wish that I had."

I too wish that I had—in the pleasant times that had passed,
Before I quarrel'd with Harry—my quarrel—the first an' the last.
For Harry came in, an' I flung him the letter that drove me wild,
An' he told it me all at once, as simple as any child;
"What can it matter, my lass, what I did wi' my single life?
I ha' been as true to you as ever a man to his wife;
An' she wasn't one of the worst." "Then," I said, "I'm none o' the best."
An' he smiled at me, "Ain't you, my love? Come, come, little wife, let it rest!
The man isn't like the woman, no need to make such a stir."
But he anger'd me all the more, an' I said, "You were keeping with her,

When I was a-loving you all along an' the same
as before."

An' he didn't speak for awhile, an' he anger'd
me more and more.

Then he patted my hand in his gentle way, "Let
bygones be!"

"Bygones! you kept yours hush'd," I said,
"when you married me!

Bygones ma' be come-agains! I hate her—an' I
hate you!"

Ah, Harry, my man, you had better ha' beaten
me black an' blue

Than ha' spoken as kind as you did, when I
were so crazy wi' spite,

"Wait a little, my lass, I am sure it'll all come
right."

An' he took three turns in the rain, an' I watch'd
him, an' when he came in

I felt that my heart was hard; he was all wet
thro' to the skin,

An' I never said "off wi' the wet," I never said
"on wi' the dry,"

So I knew my heart was hard, when he came to
bid me good-by.

"You said that you hated me, Ellen, but that
isn't true, you know;

I am going to leave you a bit—you'll kiss me
before I go?"

"I had sooner be cursed than kissed!"—I didn't
know well what I meant.

But I turn'd my face from him, an' he turned
his face an' he went.

And then he sent me a letter, "I've gotten my
work to do;

You wouldn't kiss me, my lass, an' I never loved
any but you;

I am sorry for all the quarrel, an' sorry for what
she wrote,
I ha' six weeks' work in Jersey, an' go to-night
by the boat."

An' the wind began to rise, an' I thought of him
out at sea,
An' I felt I had been to blame; he was always
kind to me.
"Wait a little, my lass, I am sure it'll all come
right."
An' the boat went down that night—the boat
went down that night.



HOW WE HUNTED A MOUSE.

BY JOSHUA JENKINS.

I was dozing comfortably in my easy chair, and dreaming of the good times which I hope are coming, when there fell upon my ears a most startling scream. It was the voice of my Maria Ann in agony. The voice came from the kitchen, and to the kitchen I rushed. The idolized form of my Maria was perched on a chair, and she was flourishing an iron spoon in all directions, and shouting "shoo," in a general manner at everything in the room. To my anxious inquiries as to what was the matter, she screamed, "Oh! Joshua, a mouse, shoo—wha—shoo—a great—ya, shoo—horrid mouse, and—she—ew—it ran

right out of the cupboard—shoo—go away—O Lord—Joshua—shoo—kill it, oh, my—shoo.”

All that fuss, you see, about one little harmless mouse. Some women are so afraid of mice. Maria is. I got the poker and set myself to poke that mouse, and my wife jumped down and ran off into another room. I found the mouse in a corner under the sink. The first time I hit it I didn't poke it any, on account of getting the poker all tangled up in a lot of dishes in the sink; and I did not hit it any more because the mouse would not stay still. It ran right toward me, and I naturally jumped, as anybody would; but I am not afraid of mice, and when the horrid thing ran up inside the leg of my pantaloons, I yelled to Maria because I was afraid it would gnaw a hole in my garment. There is something real disagreeable about having a mouse inside the leg of one's pantaloons, especially if there is nothing between you and the mouse. Its toes are cold, and its nails are scratchy, and its fur tickles, and its tail feels crawly, and there is nothing pleasant about it, and you are all the time afraid it will try to gnaw out, and begin on you instead of on the cloth. That mouse was next to me. I could feel its every motion with startling and sugges-

tive distinctness. For these reasons I yelled to Maria, and as the case seemed urgent to me I may have yelled with a certain degree of vigor; but I deny that I yelled fire, and if I catch the boy who thought that I did, I shall inflict punishment on his person.

I did not lose my presence of mind for an instant. I caught the mouse just as it was clambering over my knee, and by pressing firmly on the outside of the cloth I kept the animal a prisoner on the inside. I kept jumping around with all my might to confuse it, so that it would not think about biting, and I yelled so that the mice would not hear its squeaks and come to its assistance. A man can't handle many mice at once to advantage.

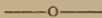
Maria was white as a sheet when she came into the kitchen and asked what she should do—as though I could hold the mouse and plan a campaign at the same time. I told her to think of something, and she thought she would throw things at the intruder; but as there was no earthly chance for her to hit the mouse, while every shot took effect on me, I told her to stop, after she had tried two flat-irons and the coal-scuttle. She paused for breath; but I kept bobbing around. Somehow I felt no inclination to sit down anywhere.

"Oh, Joshua," she cried, "I wish you had not killed the cat." Now, I submit that the wish was born of the weakness of woman's intellect. How on earth did she suppose a cat could get where that mouse was? Rather have the mouse there alone, anyway, than to have a cat prowling around after it. I reminded Maria of the fact that she was a fool. Then she got the tea-kettle and wanted to scald the mouse. I objected to that process, except as a last resort. Then she got some cheese to coax the mouse down, but I did not dare to let go for fear it would run up. Matters were getting desperate. I told her to think of something else, and I kept jumping. Just as I was ready to faint with exhaustion, I tripped over an iron, lost my hold, and the mouse fell to the floor very dead. I had no idea a mouse could be squeezed to death so easily.

That was not the end of trouble, for before I had recovered my breath a fireman broke in one of the front windows, and a whole company followed him through, and they dragged hose around, and mused things all over the house, and then the foreman wanted to thrash me because the house was not on fire, and I had hardly got him pacified before a policeman came in and arrested me. Some one had run down

and told him I was drunk and was killing Maria. It was all Maria and I could do, by combining our eloquence, to prevent him from marching me off in disgrace, but we finally got matters quieted and the house clear.

Now, when mice run out of the cupboard, I go outdoors and let Maria "shoo" them back again. I can kill a mouse, but the fun don't pay for the trouble.



BAD PRAYERS.

BY BRONSON ALCOTT.

I do not like to hear him pray
On bended knee about an hour,
For grace to spend aright the day,
Who knows his neighbor has no flour.

I'd rather see him go to mill
And buy the luckless brother bread,
And see his children eat their fill
And laugh beneath their humble shed.

I do not like to hear him pray,
"Let blessings on the widow be,"
Who never seeks her home, to say,
"If want o'ertake you, come to me."

I hate the prayer so loud and long
That's offered for the orphan's weal,
By him who sees him crushed by wrong,
And only with his lips doth feel.

I do not like to hear her pray
With jeweled ear and silken dress,
Whose washerwoman toils all day,
And then is asked to work for less.

Such pious shavers I despise;
With folded hands and face demure,
They lift to heaven their "angel eyes,"
And steal the earnings of the poor.

I do not like such soulless prayers;
If wrong, I hope to be forgiven—
No angel wing them upward bears:
They're lost a million miles from heaven.



HOTSPUR'S ACCOUNT OF THE FOP.

SHAKESPEARE.

My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble land at harvest home.
He was perfumed like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose.—
And still he smil'd and talk'd;
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them "untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly, unhandsome corse,
Betwixt the wind and his nobility."
With many holyday and lady terms
He question'd me; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.

I then, all smarting with my wounds, being cold,
 To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
 Out of my grief and my impatience,
 Answered neglectingly—I know not what—
 He should or he should not;—for he made me
 mad

To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
 And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman
 Of guns, and drums, and wounds (Heaven save
 the mark!)

And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
 Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
 And that it was great pity (so it was)
 This villanous saltpetre should be digged
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed
 So cowardly; and but for these vile guns
 He would himself have been a soldier.
 This bald, disjointed chat of his, my lord,
 I answered indirectly, as I said;
 And, I beseech you, let not his report
 Come current for an accusation
 Betwixt my love and your high majesty.



WATER AND RUM.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

Water! There is no poison in that cup;
 no fiendish spirit dwells beneath those crys-
 tal drops to lure you and me and all of us
 to ruin; no spectral shadows play upon its
 waveless surface; no widows' groans or
 orphans' tears rise to God from those
 placid fountains; misery, crime, wretched-

ness, woe, want, and rags come not within the hallowed precincts where cold water reigns supreme. Pure now as when it left its native heaven, giving vigor to our youth, strength to our manhood, and solace to our old age. Cold water is beautiful and bright and pure everywhere. In the moonlight fountains and the sunny rills; in the warbling brook and the giant river; in the deep tangled wildwood and the cataract's spray; in the hand of beauty or on the lips of manhood—cold water is beautiful everywhere.

Rum! There is a poison in that cup. There is a serpent in that cup whose sting is madness and whose embrace is death. There dwells beneath that smiling surface a fiendish spirit which for centuries has been wandering over the earth, carrying on a war of desolation and destruction against mankind, blighting and mildewing the noblest affections of the heart, and corrupting with its foul breath the tide of human life, and changing the glad, green earth into a lazar-house. Gaze on it! But shudder as you gaze! Those sparkling drops are murder in disguise; so quiet now, yet widows' groans and orphans' tears and maniacs' yells are in that cup. The worm that dieth not and the fire that is not quenched are in that cup.

Peace, and hope, and love, and truth dwell not within that fiery circle where dwells that desolating monster which men call rum. Corrupt now as when it left its native hell, giving fire to the eye, madness to the brain, and ruin to the soul. Rum is vile, and deadly, and accursed everywhere. The poet would liken it in its fiery glow to the flames that flicker around the abode of the damned. The theologian would point you to the drunkard's doom, while the historian would unfold the dark record of the past and point you to the fate of empires and kingdoms lured to ruin by the siren song of the tempter, and sleeping now in cold obscurity, the wrecks of what once were great, grand and glorious. Yes, rum is corrupt, and vile, and deadly, and accursed everywhere. Fit type and semblance of all earthly corruption!

Base art thou yet as when the wise man warned us of thy power and bade us flee thy enchantment. Vile art thou yet as when thou first went forth on thy unholy mission—filling earth with desolation and madness, woe and anguish. Deadly art thou yet as when thy envenomed tooth first took fast hold on human hearts, and thy serpent tongue first drank up the warm life-blood of immortal souls. Accursed art thou yet as when the bones of thy first vic-

tim rotted in a damp grave, and its shriek echoed along the gloomy caverns of hell. Yes, thou infernal spirit of rum, through all past time hast thou been, as through all coming time thou shalt be, accursed everywhere.

In the fiery fountains of the still; in the seething bubbles of the caldron; in the kingly palace and the drunkard's hovel; in the rich man's cellar and the poor man's closet; in the pestilential vapors of foul dens and in the blaze of gilded saloons; in the hand of beauty and on the lip of manhood. Rum is vile, and deadly, and accursed everywhere.

Rum, we yield not to thy unhallowed influence, and together we have met to plan thy destruction. And by what new name shall we call thee, and to what shall we liken thee when we speak of thy attributes? Others may call thee child of perdition, the base-born progeny of sin and Satan, the murderer of mankind and the destroyer of immortal souls; but I will give thee a new name among men and crown thee with a new horror, and that new name shall be the sacramental cup of the Rum-Power, and I will say to all the sons and daughters of earth—Dash it down! And thou, Rum, shalt be my text in my pilgrimage among men, and not alone shall my tongue utter

it, but the groans of orphans in their agony and the cries of widows in their desolation shall proclaim it the enemy of home, the traducer of childhood, and the destroyer of manhood, and whose only antidote is the sacramental cup of temperance—cold water!



THE GOOD TIME COMING.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

'Tis coming up the steep of time,
And this old world is growing brighter!
We may not see its dawn sublime,
Yet high hopes make the heart throb lighter!
Our dust may slumber under ground
When it awakes the world in wonder;
But we have felt it gathering round—
Have heard its voice of distant thunder!
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

'Tis coming now, that glorious time
Foretold by seers and sung in story,
For which, when thinking was a crime,
Souls leaped to heaven from scaffolds gory!
They passed. But lo! the work they wrought!
Now the crowned hopes of centuries blossom;
The lightning of their living thought
Is flashing through us, brain and bosom:
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Creeds, empires, systems, rot with age,
But the great people's ever youthful!
And it shall write the future's page
To our humanity more truthful;

There's a divinity within
That makes men great if they but will it;
God works with all who dare to win,
And the time cometh to reveal it.
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Fraternity! Love's other name!
Dear, heaven-connecting link of being;
Then shall we grasp thy golden dream,
As souls, full statured, grow far-seeing:
Thou shalt unfold our better part,
And in our life-cup yield more honey;
Light up with joy the poor man's heart,
And love's own world with smiles more sunny!
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!



RIENZI'S ADDRESS.

BY M. R. MITFORD.

Friends: I come not here to talk.
Ye know too well
The story of our thralldom—we are slaves!
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
A race of slaves! He sets, and his last beam
Falls on a slave—not such as, swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads
To crimson glory and undying fame;
But base, ignoble slaves—slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots, lords,
Rich in some dozen paltry villages—
Strong in some hundred spearmen—only great
In that strange spell, a name! Each hour, dark
fraud,
Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cries out against them. But this very day,
An honest man, my neighbor—there he stands—

Was struck—struck like a dog, by one who wore
The badge of Ursini! because, forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
At sight of that great ruffian! Be we men,
And suffer such dishonor? Men, and wash not
The stain away in blood? Such shames are
common.

I have known deeper wrongs. I, that speak to
you—

I had a brother once—a gracious boy,
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy; there was the look
Of heaven upon his face, which limners give
To the beloved disciple. How I loved
That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,
Brother at once and son! He left my side,
A summer bloom on his fair cheeks, a smile
Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour,
The pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
For vengeance! Rouse, ye Romans! rouse, ye
slaves!

Have ye brave sons? Look, in the next fierce
brawl,

To see them die! Have ye daughters fair? Look
To see them live, torn from your arms,
distained,

Dishonored! and if ye dare call for justice,
Be answered by the lash! Yet this is Rome,
That sat on her seven hills, and, from her throne
Of beauty, ruled the world! Yet we are Romans!
Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
Was greater than a king! And once again—
Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus!—once again I swear,
The eternal city shall be free!

CRITICISING THE VALENTINE.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

From the *Pickwick Papers*.

[The scene is a London tavern where Sam Weller is waiting to meet his father. As the coach which the elder Mr. Weller drives is not due for three-quarters of an hour, Sam spends the time in writing a love-letter. He had provided himself on his way with the materials, in the shape of "a sheet of best gilt-edged letter paper and a hard-nibbed pen which could be warranted not to splutter."]

Sam Weller sat himself down in a box near the stove, and pulled out the sheet of gilt-edged letter paper, and the hard-nibbed pen. Then, looking carefully at the pen to see that there were no hairs in it, and dusting down the table, so that there might be no crumbs of bread under the paper, Sam tucked up the cuffs of his coat, squared his elbows, and composed himself to write.

To ladies and gentlemen who are not in the habit of devoting themselves practically to the science of penmanship, writing a letter is no very easy task, it being always considered necessary in such cases for the writer to incline his head on his left arm so as to place his eyes as nearly as possible on a level with the paper, and while glancing sideways at the letters he is constructing, to form with his tongue imaginary characters to correspond. These motions, although unquestionably of the greatest assistance to original composition, retard

in some degree the progress of the writer, and Sam had unconsciously been a full hour and a half writing words in small text, smearing out wrong letters with his little finger, and putting in new ones which required going over very often to render them visible through the old blots, when he was roused by the opening of the door and the entrance of his parent.

"Vell, Sammy," said the father.

"Vell, my Prooshan Blue," responded the son, laying down his pen. "What's the last bulletin about mother-in-law?"

"Mrs. Veller passed a very good night, but is uncommon perwerse and unpleasant this mornin'—signed upon oath—Tony Veller, Esquire. That's the last vun as was issued, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, untying his shawl.

"No better yet?" inquired Sam.

"All the symptoms aggerawated," replied Mr. Weller, shaking his head. "But wot's that you're doin' of—pursuit of knowledge under difficulties—eh, Sammy?"

"I've done now," said Sam, with slight embarrassment; "I've been a-writin'."

"So I see," replied Mr. Weller. "Not to any young 'ooman, I hope, Sammy."

"Why, it's no use a-sayin' it ain't," replied Sam. "It's a valentine."

"A what?" exclaimed Mr. Weller, apparently horror-stricken by the word.

"A valentine," replied Sam.

"Samivel, Samivel," said Mr. Weller, in reproachful accents, "I didn't think you'd ha' done it. Arter the warnin' you've had o' your father's wicious propensities; arter all I've said to you upon this here wery subject; arter actiwally seein' and bein' in the company o' your own mother-in-law, vich I should ha' thought wos a moral lesson as no man could ever ha' forgotten to his dyin' day! I didn't think you'd ha' done it, Sammy, I didn't think you'd ha' done it."

"Wot's the matter now?" said Sam.

"Nev'r mind, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, "it'll be a wery agonizin' trial to me at my time of life, but I'm pretty tough, that's vun consolation, as the wery old turkey remarked when the farmer said he was afeerd he should be obliged to kill him for the London market."

"Wot'll be a trial?" inquired Sam.

"To see you married, Sammy—to see you a dilluded wictim, and thinkin' in your innocence that it's all wery capital," replied Mr. Weller. "It's a dreadful trial to a father's feelin's, that 'ere, Sammy."

"Nonsense," said Sam. "I ain't a-goin' to get married, don't you fret yourself

about that; I know you're a judge of these things. Order in your pipe, and I'll read you the letter—there."

Sam dipped his pen into the ink, to be ready for any corrections, and began with a very theatrical air—

"'Lovely creetur',"

"'Tain't in poetry, is it?" interposed the father.

"No, no," replied Sam.

"Wery glad to hear it," said Mr. Weller. "Poetry's unnat'ral; no man ever talked in poetry 'cept a beadle on boxin' day, or Warren's blackin', or Rowland's oil, or some o' them low fellows; never let yourself down to talk poetry, my boy. Begin again, Sammy."

Mr. Weller resumed his pipe with critical solemnity, and Sam once more commenced, and read as follows:

"'Lovely creetur', I feel myself a charmed—'"

"That ain't proper," said Mr. Weller, taking his pipe from his mouth.

"No; it ain't charmed," observed Sam, holding the letter up to the light, "it's 'shamed, there's a blot there—I feel myself ashamed.'"

"Wery good," said Mr. Weller. "Go on."

"'Feel myself ashamed, and completely

cir—' I forgot wot this here word is," said Sam, scratching his head with the pen, in vain attempts to remember.

"Why don't you look at it, then?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"So I am a-lookin' at it," replied Sam, "but there's another blot; here's a 'c,' and an 'i,' and a 'd.' "

"Circumwented, p'r'aps," suggested Mr. Weller.

"No, it ain't that," said Sam; "circumscribed, that's it."

"That ain't as good a word as circumwented, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, gravely.

"Think not?" said Sam.

"Nothin' like it," replied his father.

"But don't you think it means more?" inquired Sam.

"Vell, p'r'aps it is a more tenderer word," said Mr. Weller after a few moments' reflection. "Go on, Sammy."

"'Feel myself ashamed and completely circumscribed in addressing of you, for you are a nice gal and nothin' but it.' "

"That's a wery pretty sentiment," said the elder Mr. Weller, removing his pipe to make way for the remark.

"Yes, I think it is rayther good," observed Sam, highly flattered.

"Wot I like in that 'ere style of writin'," said the elder Mr. Weller, "is, that there

ain't no callin' names in it—no Wenuses, nor nothin' o' that kind; wot's the good o' callin' a young 'ooman a Venus or an angel, Sammy?"

"Ah! what, indeed?" replied Sam.

"You might jist as vell call her a griffin, or a unicorn, or a king's arms at once, which is very vell known to be a collection o' fabulous animals," added Mr. Weller.

"Just as well," replied Sam.

"Drive on, Sammy," said Mr. Weller.

Sam complied with the request, and proceeded as follows: his father continuing to smoke with a mixed expression of wisdom and complacency, which was particularly edifying.

"'Afore I see you I thought all women was alike.'"

"So they are," observed the elder Mr. Weller, parenthetically.

"'But now,' " continued Sam, "'now I find what a reg'lar soft-headed, ink-red'lus turnip I must ha' been, for there ain't nobody like you though I like you better than nothin' at all.' I thought it best to make that rayther strong," said Sam, looking up.

Mr. Weller nodded approvingly, and Sam resumed:

"'So I take the privilage of the day, Mary, my dear—as the gen'lem'n in diffi-

culties did, ven he valked out of a Sunday, to tell you that the first and only time I see you, your likeness was took on my heart.' "

"I am afeered that werges on the poetical, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, dubiously.

"No, it don't," replied Sam, reading on very quickly, to avoid contesting the point.

"'Except of me, Mary, my dear, as your valentine, and think over what I've said. My dear Mary, I will now conclude.' That's all," said Sam.

"That's rayther a sudden pull up, ain't it, Sammy?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"Not a bit on it," said Sam, "she'll vish there vos more, and that's the great art o' letter writin'."

"Well," said Mr. Weller, "there's some-thin' in that; and I wish your mother-in-law'd only conduct her conversation on the same gen-teel principle. Ain't you a-goin' to sign it?"

"That's the difficulty," said Sam; "I don't know what to sign it."

"Sign it—Veller," said the oldest surviving proprietor of that name.

"Won't do," said Sam. "Never sign a valentine with your own name."

"Sign it—Pickwick, then," said Mr. Weller; "it's a very good name, and a easy one to spell."

"The very thing," said Sam. "I could end with a werse; what do you think?"

"I don't like it, Sam," rejoined Mr. Weller. "I never know'd a respectable coachman as wrote poetry, 'cept one, as made an affectin' copy o' worses the night afore he was'hung for a highway robbery, and he was only a Cambervell man, so even that's no rule."

But Sam was not to be dissuaded from the poetical idea that had occurred to him, so he signed the letter:

"Your love-sick PICKWICK."

—o—

THE SWITCHMAN'S ORDEAL.

BY GEORGE R. SIMS.

I was on the box down yonder—that's where we
turn the mails,
And specials, and fast expresses on to the centre
rails;
The side's for the other traffic—the luggage and
local slows;
It was rare hard work at Christmas when double
the traffic grows.
I've been in the box down yonder nigh sixteen
hours a day,
Till my eyes grew dim and heavy, and my
thoughts were all astray;
But I've worked the points half-sleeping—and
once I slept outright,
Till the roar of the Limited woke me, and I
nearly died with fright.
Then I thought of the lives in peril and what
might have been their fate
Had I sprung to the points that evening a tenth
of a tick too late;

And a cold and ghastly shiver ran icily through
my frame
As I fancied the public clamor, the trial and bitter
shame.
I could see the bloody wreckage—I could see the
mangled slain—
And the picture was seared forever, blood-red,
on my heated brain.
That moment my nerve was shattered, for I
couldn't shut out the thought
Of the lives I held in my keeping and the ruin
that might be wrought.

Now the very next day the missus had to go to
the market town,
She'd the Christmas things to see to, and she
wanted to buy a gown;
So she settled to leave me Johnny, and then she
could turn the key—
For she'd have some parcels to carry, and the boy
would be safe with me.
He was five, was our little Johnny, and quiet and
nice and good—
He was mad to go with father, and I'd often
promised he should.

It was noon when the missus started—her train
went by my box—
She could see, as she passed my window, her
darling's sunny locks.
I lifted him up to see mother, and he kissed his
little hand,
Then sat like a mouse in the corner, and thought
it was fairyland.

* * * * *

It was all in one awful minute—I saw that the
boy was lost;
He had gone for a toy, I fancied, some child
from a train had tossed;

The local was easing slowly to stop at the station
here,
And the Limited mail was coming, and I had the
line to clear.
I could hear the roar of the engine, I could almost
feel its breath,
And right on the centre metals stood my boy in
the jaws of death;
On came the fierce fiend, tearing straight for the
centre line,
And the hand that must wreck or save it, O
merciful God! was mine.

'Twas a hundred lives or Johnny's. 'Twas that!
what could I do?
Up to God's ear that moment a wild, fierce ques-
tion flew—
"What shall I do, O heaven?" and sudden and
loud and clear
On the wind came the words, "Your duty,"
borne to my listening ear.
Then I set my teeth, and my breathing was fierce
and short and quick.
"My boy!" I cried, but he heard not, and then
I went blind and sick;
The hot black smoke of the engine came with a
brush before,
I turned the mail to the centre and by it flew
with a roar.

Then I sank on my knees in horror, and hid my
ashen face—
I had given my child to heaven; his life was a
hundred's grace.
Had I held my hand a moment, I had hurled the
flying mail
To shatter the creeping local that stood on the
other rail!

Where is my boy, my darling? My boy! let me
hide my eyes.

How can I look—his father—on that which there
mangled lies?

That voice! O merciful heaven! 'tis the child's,
and he calls my name!

I hear but I cannot see him, for my eyes are
filled with flame.

I knew no more that night, sir, for I fell as I
heard the boy;

The place reeled round, and I fainted—swooned
with the sudden joy.

But I heard on the Christmas morning, when I
woke in my own warm bed,

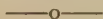
With Alice's arms around me, and a strange, wild
dream in my head,

That she'd come by the early local, being anxious
about the lad,

And had seen him there on the metals, and the
sight nigh drove her mad—

She had seen him just as the engine of the Lim-
ited closed my view,

And she leaped on the line and saved him, just
as the mail dashed through.



COMING AND GOING.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Once came to our fields a pair of birds
that had never built a nest nor seen a
winter. Oh, how beautiful was everything!
The fields were full of flowers, and the
grass was growing tall, and the bees were
humming everywhere. Then one of the

birds fell to singing, and the other bird said, "Who told you to sing?" and he answered, "The flowers told me, and the bees told me, and the winds and leaves told me, and the blue sky told me, and you told me to sing." Then his mate answered, "When did I tell you to sing?" And he said, "Every time you brought in tender grass for the nest, and every time your soft wings fluttered off again for hair and feathers to line the nest." Then his mate said, "What are you singing about?" And he answered, "I am singing about everything and nothing. It is because I am so happy that I sing."

By-and-by five little speckled eggs were in the nest, and his mate said, "Is there anything in all the world as pretty as my eggs?" Then they both looked down on some people that were passing by, and pitied them because they were not birds, and had no nests with eggs in them! Then the father-bird sung a melancholy song because he pitied folks that had no nests, but had to live in houses.

In a week or two, one day, when the father-bird came home, the mother-bird said: "Oh! what do you think has happened?" "What?" "One of my eggs has been peeping and moving!" Pretty soon another egg moved under her feathers, and

then another, and another, till five little birds were born!

Now, the father-bird sung longer and louder than ever. The mother-bird, too, wanted to sing, but she had no time, and so she turned her song into work. So hungry were these little birds that it kept both parents busy feeding them. Away each one flew. The moment the little birds heard their wings fluttering again among the leaves, five yellow mouths flew open so wide that nothing could be seen but five yellow mouths!

"Can anybody be happier?" said the father-bird to the mother-bird. "We will live in this tree always, for there is no sorrow here. It is a tree that always bears joy."

The very next day one of the birds dropped out of the nest, and a cat ate it up in a minute, and only four remained; and the parent birds were very sad, and there was no song all that day nor the next. Soon the little birds were big enough to fly, and great was their parents' joy to see them leave the nest and sit crumpled up upon the branches. There was then a great time! One would have thought the two old birds were two French dancing-masters—talking, and chattering, and scolding the little birds, to make them go alone. The

first bird that tried flew from one branch to another, and the parents praised him, and the other little birds wondered how he did it! And he was so vain of it that he tried again, and flew and flew, and couldn't stop flying, till he fell plump down by the house door; and then a little boy caught him and carried him into the house, and only three birds were left. Then the old birds thought that the sun was not bright as it used to be, and they did not sing as often.

In a little time the other birds had learned to use their wings, and they flew away and away, and found their own food and made their own beds, and their parents never saw them any more!

Then the old birds sat silent, and looked at each other a long while.

At last the wife-bird said:

"Why don't you sing?"

And he answered:

"I can't sing—I can only think, think!"

"What are you thinking of?"

"I am thinking how everything changes—the leaves are falling down from off this tree, and soon there will be no roof over our heads; the flowers are all gone, or going; last night there was a frost; almost all the birds are flown away, and I am very uneasy. Something calls me, and I feel restless as if I would fly far away."

“Let us fly away together!”

Then they rose silently, and, lifting themselves far up in the air, they looked to the north—far away they saw the snow coming. They looked to the south—there they saw green leaves! All day they flew, and all night they flew and flew, till they found a land where there was no winter; where there was summer all the time; where flowers always blossom, and birds always sing.

But the birds that stayed behind found the days shorter, the nights longer, and the weather colder. Many of them died of cold; others crept into crevices and holes, and lay torpid. Then it was plain that it was better to go than to stay!



A RAILWAY MATINEE.

BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

The last time I ran home over the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy we had a very small, but select and entertaining, party on the train. It was a warm day, and everybody was tired with the long ride and oppressed by the heat. The precise woman, with her hat swathed in an immense blue veil, who always parsed her sentences before she uttered them, utterly

worn out and thoroughly lonesome, was glad to respond to the pleasant nod of the big rough man who got on at Monmouth, and didn't know enough grammar to ask for the mustard so that you could tell whether he wanted you to pass it to him or pour it on his hair. The thin, troubled-looking man with the sandy goatee, who stammered so dreadfully that he always forgot what he wanted to say before he got through wrestling with any word with a "W" in it, lit up with a tremulous, hesitating smile, as he noticed this indication of sociability, for, like most men who find it extremely difficult to talk at all, he wanted to talk all the time. And the fat old gentleman sitting opposite him, who was so deaf he couldn't hear the cars rattle, and always awed and bothered the stammerer into silence by saying "Hey?" in a very imperative tone, every time he got in the middle of a hard word, cocked his irascible head on one side as he saw this smile, and after listening intently to dead silence for a minute, suddenly broke out with such an emphatic, impatient "Hey?" that everybody in the car started up and shouted, nervously and ungrammatically, "I didn't say nothing!" with the exception of the woman with the blue veil, who said, "I said nothing!"

The fat old gentleman was a little annoyed and startled by such a chorus of responses, and, fixing his gaze still more intently upon the thin man, said defiantly:

“Wha’ say?”

“I-I-I-I w-w-wuh-wuh-wasn’-wasn’——I wasn’ s-s-sp—speak——”

“Hey?” roared the fat man.

“He wa’n’t sayin’ nauthin’,” shouted the big rough man, nodding friendly encouragement to the thin man; “he hain’t opened his mouth!”

“Soap in the South?” queried the fat old gentleman, impatiently. “Wha’ for?”

“Mouth, mouth,” explained the precise woman, with impressive nicety. “He said, ‘opened his mouth.’ The gentleman seated directly opposite you was——”

“‘Offers to chew,’ what?” cried the fat old gentleman, in amazement.

“Sir,” said the precise woman, “I made no reference whatever to chewing. You certainly misunderstood me.”

The thin man took courage from so many reinforcements, and broke in:

“I-I-I-I d-d-d-dud-d-u-d-d-u-d-don’t-don’t—I don’t ch-ch-ch——”

“Hey?” shouted the fat gentleman.

“He don’t chaw nauthin’!” roared the big rough man, in a voice that made the car windows rattle. “He wa’n’t a-talkin’ when you shot off at him!”

"Who got off?" exclaimed the fat old gentleman. "Wha' d' he get off for?"

"You don't appear to comprehend clearly what he stated," shrieked the precise woman. "No person has left the train."

"Then wha'd he say so for?" shouted the fat man.

"Oh!" said the thin man, in a surprising burst of fluency; "he-he-he d-d-did-did—"

"Who did?" queried the fat man, talking louder than any one else.

"Num-num-num-num-n-no-nobody, no-body. He-he d-d-d-dud-didn't didn't s—"

"Then wha' made you say he did?" howled the deaf man.

"You misunderstand him," interrupted the precise woman. "He was probably about to remark that no reference whatever had been intentionally made to the departure of any person from the train, when you interrupted him in the midst of an unfinished sentence, and hence obtained an erroneous impression of the tenor of his remarks. He meant no offence—"

"Know a fence?" roared the fat man. "Of course I know a fence!"

"He hain't got middlin' good hearin'," yelled the big man, as apologetically as a steam whistle could have shrieked it. "Y'ears kind of stuffed up!"

"Time to brush up?" cried the fat man. "Wha' for?"

"No," shrieked the precise woman; "he remarked to the other gentleman that your hearing appeared to be rather defective."

"His father a detective?" hooted the fat gentleman, in amazement.

"N-n-n-n-nun-nun-no!" broke in the thin man; "h-h-h-h-huh-huh-he-s-s-sa-sa-said-said-you w-w-w-wuh was a little dud-dud—was a little deaf!"

"Said I was a thief!" howled the fat man, a scarlet tornado of wrath; "said I was a thief! Wha' d'ye mean? Show him to me! Who says I'm a thief? Who says so?"

"Now," shouted the big rough man, "nobody don't say ye ain't no thief. I jest sayed as how we didn't git along very well. Ye see, he," nodding to the thin man, "he can't talk very well, an'—"

"Wh-wh-wh-why c-c-can't I t-t-tut-tut-tut-talk?" broke in the thin man, white with rage. "I-I-I-I'd like t-t-to know wh-wh-wh-what's the reason I c-c-can't tut-tut-talk as w-w-w-well as any bub-bub-body that's bub-bub-been tut-tut-talking on this car ever s-s-s-since the tut-tut-tut—"

"Hey?" roared the fat man, in an explosion of indignant suspicion.

"I was sayin'," howled the big rough man, "as how he didn't talk middlin' well—"

"Should say so," growled the fat man, in tones of intense satisfaction.

"And," the big rough man went on, yelling with delight at having made the old party hear something, "and you can't hear only tollable—"

"Can't hear?" the fat old gentleman broke out in a resonant roar. "Can't hear! Like to know why I can't hear! Why can't I? If I couldn't hear better than half the people on this train I'd cut off my ears! Can't hear? It's news to me if I can't. I'd like to know who—"

"Burlington!" yelled the brakeman.

"Chag car f'r Keokuk, Ceed Rap's an' For' Mad'son! This car f'r Omaha! Twen' mints f'r supper!"

And but for this timely interruption, I don't think our pleasant little party would have got out of that snarl this side of San Francisco.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

BY ROBERT LOWELL.

[The garrison of Lucknow, with the women and children, were shut up in the old Residency during the mutiny of 1857. A vast horde of armed Sepoys tried in vain to capture it. The men, and even the women, joined in the defence, fighting for life and honor. They held the place and kept the foe at bay for eighty-seven days, suffering indescribable horrors of disease and famine before Havelock could break through the besieging force and relieve them.]

Oh! that last day in Lucknow fort;

We knew that it was the last,
That the enemy's mines had crept surely in,
And the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe meant worse than death,
And the men and we all worked on;
It was one day more of smoke and roar,
And then it would all be done.

There was one of us, a corporal's wife,
A fair young gentle thing,
Wasted with fever in the siege,
And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground, in her Scottish plaid,
And I took her head on my knee;
"When my father comes hame frae the pleugh,"
she said,
"Oh! please then waken me."

She slept like a child on her father's floor,
In the flecking of woodbine shade,
When the house dog sprawls by the half open
door,
And the mother's wheel is stayed.

It was smoke and roar and powder stench,
And hopeless waiting for death;
But the soldier's wife, like a full tired child,
Seemed scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep and I had my dream
Of an English village lane
And wall and garden—till a sudden scream
Brought me back to the rear again.

There Jessie Brown stood listening,
And then a broad gladness broke
All over her face, and she took my hand,
And drew me near and spoke:

“The Highlanders! O dinna ye hear
The slogan far awa?
The McGregor's? Ah! I ken it weel;
It is the grandest of them a’.

“God bless the bonny Highlanders;
We're saved! we're saved!” she cried;
And fell on her knees, and thanks to God
Poured forth like a full flood tide.

Along the battery line her cry
Had fallen among the men;
And they started; for they were there to die,
Was life so near them then?

They listened, for life, and the rattling fire
Far off, and the far-off roar
Were all,—and the colonel shook his head,
And they turned to their guns once more.

Then Jessie said, “The slogan's dune,
But can ye no hear them, noo?
The Campbells are comin'! It's nae a dream,
Our succors hae broken through!”

We heard the roar and the rattle afar,
But the pipers we could not hear;
So the men plied their work of hopeless war,
And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it must be heard,
A shrilling, ceaseless sound;
It was no noise of the strife afar,
Or the sappers under ground.

It was the pipe of the Highlanders,
And now they played "Auld Lang Syne;"
It came to our men like the voice of God;
And they shouted along the line.

And they wept and shook each other's hands,
And the women sobbed in a crowd;
And every one knelt down where we stood,
And we all thanked God aloud.

That happy day, when we welcomed them in,
Our men put Jessie first;
And the general took her hand; and cheers
From the men like a volley burst.

And the pipers' ribbons and tartan streamed,
Marching round and round our line;
And our joyful cheers were broken with tears,
As the pipers played "Auld Lang Syne."

PSALM XC.

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

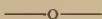
Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men. For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night. Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up. In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled. Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance. For all our days are passed away in thy wrath: we spend our years as a tale that is told. The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

Who knoweth the power of thine anger? even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Return, O Lord, how long? and let it repent thee concerning thy servants. O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days. Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil. Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto thy children. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.



THE QUARREL OF SQUIRE BULL AND HIS SON JONATHAN.

BY J. K. PAULDING.

John Bull was a choleric old fellow, who held a good manor in the middle of a great mill-pond, and which, by reason of its being quite surrounded by water, was generally called "Bullock Island." Bull was an ingenious man, an exceedingly good blacksmith, a dexterous cutler, and a notable weaver beside. He also brewed capital porter, ale and small beer, and was, in fact, a sort of Jack of all trades, and good at each.

In addition to these, he was a hearty fellow, a jolly companion, and passably honest, as the times go. But what tarnished all these qualities was an exceedingly quarrelsome, overbearing disposition, which was always getting him into some scrape or other. The truth is he never heard of a quarrel going on among his neighbors but his fingers itched to take a part in it; so that he was hardly ever seen without a broken head, a black eye, or a bloody nose.

Such was Squire Bull, as he was commonly called by the country people, his neighbors—one of those odd, testy, grumbling, boasting old codgers, that never get credit for what they are because they are always pretending to be what they are not. The squire was as tight a hand to deal with in-doors as out; sometimes treating his family as if they were not the same flesh and blood, when they happened to differ with him in certain matters.

One day he got into a dispute with his youngest son, Jonathan, who was familiarly called Brother Jonathan, as to whether churches ought to be called churches or meeting-houses; and whether steeples were not an abomination. The squire, either having the worst of the argument, or being naturally impatient of contradiction—I can't tell which—fell into a great passion,

and declared he would physic such notions out of the boy's noddle.

So he went to some of his doctors, and got them to draw up a prescription, made up of thirty-nine different articles, many of them bitter enough to some palates. This he tried to make Jonathan swallow; and finding he made wry faces, and would not do it, fell upon him and beat him soundly. After this he made the house so disagreeable to him that Jonathan, though as hard as a pine-knot, and as tough as leather, could bear it no longer.

Taking his gun and his axe, he put himself into a boat and paddled over the mill-pond to some new lands to which the squire pretended to have some sort of claim. Jonathan intended to settle the lands, and build a meeting-house without a steeple as soon as he grew rich enough. When he got over he found that the land was quite in a state of nature, covered with wood, and inhabited only by wild beasts.

But, being a lad of spirit, he took his axe on one shoulder and his gun on the other, marched into the thickest of the wood and, clearing a place, built a log hut. Pursuing his labors, and handling his axe like a notable woodman, he, in a few years, cleared the land, which he laid out into thirteen good farms; and building himself a large

house, which he partly finished, began to be quite snug and comfortable.

But Squire Bull, who was getting old and stingy, and beside, was in great want of money, on account of his having lately been made to pay heavy damages for assaulting his neighbors and breaking their heads—the squire, I say, finding Jonathan was getting well-to-do in the world, began to be very much troubled about his welfare; so he demanded that Jonathan should pay him a good rent for the land which he had cleared and made good for something.

He made up I know not what claim against him, and under different pretences managed to pocket all Jonathan's honest gains. In fact, the poor lad had not a shilling left for holiday occasions; and had it not been for the filial respect he felt for the old man, he would certainly have refused to submit to such impositions. But for all this in a little time Jonathan grew up to be very large of his age, and became a tall, stout, double-jointed, broad-footed cub of a fellow, awkward in his gait and simple in his appearance, but having a lively, shrewd look, and giving the promise of great strength when he should get his growth.

He was rather an odd-looking chap, in truth, and had many queer ways; but

everybody who had seen John Bull saw a great likeness between them, and declared he was John's own boy, a true chip of the old block. Like the old squire, he was apt to be blustering and saucy, but, in the main, was a peaceable sort of careless fellow, that would quarrel with nobody if you only let him alone. He used to dress in homespun trousers, and always wore a linsy-woolsey coat, the sleeves of which were so short that his hand and wrist came out beyond them, looking like a shoulder of mutton; all of which was in consequence of his growing so fast that he outgrew his clothes.

While Jonathan was coming up in this way, Bull kept on picking his pockets of every penny put into them; till at last, one day when the squire was even more than usually pressing in his demands, which he accompanied with threats, Jonathan started up in a passion, and threw the tea-kettle at the old man's head.

The choleric Bull was hereupon exceedingly enraged, and, after calling the poor lad an undutiful, ungrateful, rebellious rascal, seized him by the collar, and forthwith a furious scuffle ensued. This lasted a long time; for the squire, though in years, was a capital boxer. At last, however, Jonathan got him under, and before he

would let him up, made him sign a paper giving up all claim to the farms, and acknowledging the fee simple to be in Jonathan forever.



DORA.

BY LORD TENNYSON.

With Farmer Allan at the farm abode
William and Dora. William was his son,
And she his niece. He often look'd at them,
And often thought, "I'll make them man and wife."

Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all,
And yearn'd towards William; but the youth,
because
He had been always with her in the house,
Thought not of Dora.

Then there came a day
When Allan call'd his son, and said, "My son,
I married late, but I would wish to see
My grandchild on my knees before I die:
And I have set my heart upon a match.
Now therefore look to Dora; she is well
To look to; thrifty too beyond her age.
She is my brother's daughter: he and I
Had once hard words, and parted, and he died
In foreign lands; but for his sake I bred
His daughter, Dora; take her for your wife;
For I have wished this marriage, night and day,
For many years." But William answer'd short:
"I cannot marry Dora; by my life,
I will not marry Dora." Then the old man
Was wroth, and doubled up his hands, and said,
"You will not, boy! you dare to answer thus!
But in my time a father's word was law,

And so shall it be now for me. Look to it:
Consider, William: take a month to think,
And let me have an answer to my wish,
Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall pack,
And never more darken my doors again.”
But William answered madly; bit his lips,
And broke away. The more he looked at her
The less he liked her; and his ways were harsh;
But Dora bore them meekly. Then before
The month was out he left his father's house,
And hired himself to work within the fields;
And half in love, half spite, he wooed and wed
A laborer's daughter, Mary Morrison.

Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan call'd
His niece and said, “My girl, I love you well;
But if you speak with him that was my son,
Or change a word with her he calls his wife,
My home is none of yours. My will is law.”
And Dora promised, being meek. She thought,
“It cannot be; my uncle's mind will change!”

And days went on, and there was born a boy
To William; then distresses came on him;
And day by day he passed his father's gate,
Heart-broken, and his father helped him not.
But Dora stored what little she could save,
And sent it them by stealth, nor did they know
Who sent it; till at last a fever seized
On William, and in harvest-time he died.

Then Dora went to Mary. Mary sat
And looked with tears upon her boy, and thought
Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said,
“I have obeyed my uncle until now,
And I have sinned, for it was all through me
This evil came on William at the first.
But, Mary, for the sake of him that's gone,
And for your sake,—the woman that he chose—
And for this orphan, I am come to you.
You know there has not been for these five years
So full a harvest: let me take the boy,

And I will set him in my uncle's eye
Among the wheat; that when his heart is glad
Of the full harvest, he may see the boy,
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone."

And Dora took the child, and went her way
Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound
That was unsown, where many poppies grew.
Far off, the farmer came into the field
And spied her not; but none of all his men
Dare tell him Dora waited with the child;
And Dora would have risen and gone to him,
But her heart failed her; and the reapers reaped,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

But when the morrow came, she rose and took
The child once more, and sat upon the mound;
And made a little wreath of all the flowers
That grew about, and tied it round his hat,
To make him pleasing in her uncle's eye.
Then, when the farmer passed into the field,
He spied her, and he left his men at work,
And came and said, "Where were you yesterday?
Whose child is that? What are you doing here?"
So Dora cast her eyes upon the ground,
And answer'd softly, "This is William's child!"
"And did I not," said Allan, "did I not
Forbid you, Dora?" Dora said again,
"Do with me as you will, but take the child,
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone!"
And Allan said, "I see it is a trick
Got up betwixt you and the woman there.
I must be taught my duty, and by you!
You knew my word was law, and yet you dared
To slight it. Well—for I will take the boy;
But go you hence, and never see me more."

So saying, he took the boy, that cried aloud
And struggled hard. The wreath of flowers fell
At Dora's feet. She bowed upon her hands,
And the boy's cry came to her from the field,
More and more distant. She bowed down her
head,

Remembering the day when first she came,
And all the things that had been. She bowed
down

And wept in secret; and the reapers reaped,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

Then Dora went to Mary's house, and stood
Upon the threshold. Mary saw the boy
Was not with Dora. She broke out in praise
To God, that helped her in her widowhood.
And Dora said, "My uncle took the boy;
But, Mary, let me live and work with you;
He says that he will never see me more."
Then answered Mary, "This shall never be,
That thou shouldst take my trouble on thyself;
And, now I think, he shall not have the boy,
For he will teach him hardness, and to slight
His mother; therefore thou and I will go,
And I will have my boy, and bring him home;
And I will beg of him to take thee back;
But if he will not take thee back again,
Then thou and I will live within one house,
And work for William's child until he grows
Of age to help us."

So the women kiss'd
Each other, and set out, and reached the farm.
The door was off the latch; they peeped, and
saw

The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees,
Who thrust him in the hollow of his arms,
And clapped him on the hands and on the cheeks,
Like one that loved him; and the lad stretched
out

And babbled for the golden seal that hung
From Allan's watch, and sparkled by the fire.
Then they came in; but when the boy beheld
His mother, he cried out to come to her;
And Allan sat him down, and Mary said,
"Oh, father—if you let me call you so—
I never came a-begging for myself,

Or William, or this child; but now I come
For Dora: take her back; she loves you well.
Oh, sir! when William died, he died at peace
With all men; for I asked him, and he said
He could not ever rue his marrying me.
I had been a patient wife; but, sir, he said
That he was wrong to cross his father thus:
'God bless him!' he said, 'and may he never
know

The troubles I have gone through!' Then he
turned

His face and passed—unhappy that I am!
But now, sir, let me have my boy, for you
Will make him hard, and he will learn to slight
His father's memory; and take Dora back,
And let all this be as it was before."

So Mary said, and Dora hid her face
By Mary. There was silence in the room;
And all at once the old man burst in sobs;
"I've been to blame—to blame. I have killed
my son.

I've killed him—but I loved him—my dear son!
May God forgive me!—I have been to blame,
Kiss me, my children."

Then they clung about
The old man's neck, and kissed him many times.
And all the man was broken with remorse;
And all his love came back a hundred fold;
And for three hours he sobb'd o'er William's
child,
Thinking of William.

So these four abode
Within one house together; and as years
Went forward, Mary took another mate;
But Dora lived unmarried till her death.

LONGING.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Of all the myriad moods of mind
That through the soul come thronging,
What one was e'er so dear, so kind,
So beautiful, as longing?
The thing we long for, that we are
For one transcendent moment,
Before the present, poor and bare,
Can make its sneering comment.

Still through our paltry stir and strife
Glow down the wished ideal,
And Longing moulds in clay what Life
Carves in the marble real.
To let the new life in, we know,
Desire must ope the portal;
Perhaps the longing to be so
Helps make the soul immortal.



THE WORLD'S PROGRESS.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

Yet sometimes glimpses on my sight,
Through present wrong, the eternal right;
And step by step, since time began,
I see the steady gain of man;

That all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common, daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

Through the harsh noises of our day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear,
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

That song of love, now low and far,
Ere long shall swell from star to star!
That light, the breaking day, which tips
The golden-spired apocalypse!

O friend! we need nor rock nor sand,
Nor storied stream of morning-land;
The heavens are glassed in Merrimac—
What more could Jordan render back?

We lack but open eye and ear
To find the Orient's marvels here:—
The still small voice in autumn's hush,
Yon maple wood the burning bush.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore;
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now and here and everywhere.



THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

BY ZEBULON B. VANCE.

The composition of man is threefold; physical, intellectual, and moral. It is the justly proportioned composition of these three that constitutes the real excellence of perfect manhood—that creature made a

little lower than the angels, the noblest image of God.

Perhaps no character in history can be pronounced truly great without this combination; certainly not if the moral attributes be deficient.

All of the qualities which belong to the "noble family of truth," which engender love of country, and promote the good of mankind and the glory of God, are born and bred in the moral nature of man, from which likewise spring the evil qualities which afflict and debase the world. That system of ethics, therefore, which best succeeds in developing the excellences of our moral nature, is the one which most commends itself to our race. The noble characters which it produces are justly held up as living, practical examples of the excellence of its principles.

Viewed with reference to these facts, George Washington may be justly considered one of the greatest men whom the world has produced. Greater soldiers, more intellectual statesmen, and profounder sages have doubtless existed in the history of the English race—perhaps in our own country—but not one who to great excellence in each of these fields has added such exalted integrity, such unaffected piety, such unsullied purity of soul, and

such wondrous control of his own spirit. He illustrated and adorned the civilization of Christianity, and furnished an example of the wisdom and perfection of its teachings which the subtlest arguments of its enemies cannot impeach. That one grand, rounded life, full-orbed with intellectual and moral glory, is worth, as the product of Christianity, more than all the dogmas of all the teachers. The youth of America who aspire to promote their own and their country's welfare should never cease to gaze upon his great example, or to remember that the brightest gems in the crown of his immortality, the qualities which uphold his fame upon earth and plead for him in heaven, were those which characterized him as the patient, courteous, brave, Christian gentleman. In this respect he was a blessing to the whole human race no less than to his own countrymen, to the many millions who celebrate the day of his birth.



SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

FROM THE BURLINGTON HAWKEYE.

It was in the Cedar Rapids sleeper. Outside it was dark as the inside of an ink-bottle. In the sleeping-car people slept—or tried to.

Some of them slept, like Christian men and women, peacefully, and sweetly, and quietly.

Others slept like demons, malignantly, hideously, fiendishly, as though it was their mission to keep everybody else awake.

Of these, the man in lower number three was the "boss." When it came to a square snore with variations, you wanted to count "lower three" in, with a full hand, and a pocketful of rocks.

We never heard anything snore like him. It was the most systematic snoring that was ever done, even on one of those tournaments of snoring, a sleeping-car. He didn't begin as soon as the lamps were turned down and everybody was in bed. Oh, no. There was more cold-blooded diabolism in his system than that. He waited until everybody had had a little taste of sleep, just to see how good and pleasant it was, and then he broke in on their slumbers like a winged, breathing demon, and they never knew what peace was again that night.

He started out with a terrific—

"Gn-r-r-r-t!"

That opened every eye in the car. We all hoped it was an accident, however, and trusting that he wouldn't do it again, we all forgave him. Then he blasted our hopes

and curdled the sweet serenity of our forgiveness by a long-drawn—

“Gw-a-h-h-h-hah!”

That sounded too much like business to be accidental. Then every head in that sleepless sleeper was held off the pillow for a minute, waiting, in breathless suspense, to hear the worst, and the sleeper in “lower three” went on in long-drawn, regular cadences that indicated good staying qualities.

“Gwa-a-ah! Gwa-a-ah! Gahwahwah! Gah-wahwah! Gah-wa-a-a-a-ah! Gwa-wah-ah!”

Evidently it was going to last all night, and the weary heads dropped back on the sleepless pillows, and the swearing began. It mumbled along in low muttering tones, like the distant echoes of a profane thunder-storm. Pretty soon “lower three” gave us a little variation. He shot off a spiteful

“Gwook!”

Which sounded as though his nose had got angry at him, and was going to strike. Then there was a pause, and we began to hope he had either awakened from sleep or strangled to death, nobody cared very particularly which. But he disappointed everybody with a guttural—

“Gurchoch!”

Then he paused again for breath, and

when he had accumulated enough for his purpose he resumed business with a stentorian—

“Kowpf!”

He ran through all the ranges of the nasal gamut, he went up and down a very chromatic scale of snores, he ran through intricate and fearful variations until it seemed that his nose must be out of joint in a thousand places. All the night, and all night through, he told his story.

“Gawoh! gurrah! gu-r-r-r! Kowpff! Gaw-aw-wah! gawahhah! gwock! gwarrt! gwah-h-h-ll-whoof!”

Just as the other passengers had consulted together how they might slay him, morning dawned, and “lower number three” awoke. Everybody watched the curtain to see what manner of man it was that had made that beautiful sleeping-car a pandemonium. Presently the toilet was completed, the curtains parted, and “lower number three” stood revealed.

Great guns!

It was a fair young girl, with golden hair, and timid, pleading eyes, like a hunted fawn’s.

GRADATIM.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true;
That a noble deed is a step toward God—
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by things that are under our feet;
By what we have mastered of good and gain;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the morning calls us to life and light;
But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night,
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for the men!
We may borrow the wings to find the way—
We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray,
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
But the dreams depart, and the vision falls
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.



THE LEGEND OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

“Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!”
That is what the vision said.

In his chamber all alone,
Kneeling on the floor of stone,
Prayed the Monk in deep contrition
For his sins of indecision,
Prayed for greater self-denial
In temptation and in trial;
It was noonday by the dial,
And the Monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened,
An unwonted splendor brightened
All within him and without him
In that narrow cell of stone;
And he saw the blessed vision
Of our Lord, with light Elysian
Like a vesture wrapped about Him,
Like a garment round Him thrown.
Not as crucified and slain,
Not in agonies of pain,
Not with bleeding hands and feet,
Did the Monk his Master see;
But as in the village street,
In the house or harvest field,
Halt and lame and blind He healed,
When He walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,
Hands upon his bosom crossed,
Wondering, worshiping, adoring,
Knelt the Monk, in rapture lost.
Lord, he thought, in heaven that reignest,
Who am I that thus thou deignest
To reveal thyself to me?
Who am I, that from the centre
Of thy glory thou shouldst enter
This poor cell, my guest to be?

Then amid his exaltation,
Loud the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Rang through court and corridor
With persistent iteration,
He had never heard before.
It was now the appointed hour
When alike in shine or shower,
Winter's cold or summer's heat,
To the convent portals came
All the blind and halt and lame,
All the beggars of the street,
For their daily dole of food
Dealt them by the brotherhood;
And their almoner was he
Who upon his bended knee,
Rapt in silent ecstasy
Of divinest self-surrender,
Saw the vision and the splendor.

Deep distress and hesitation
Mingled with his adoration;
Should he go, or should he stay?
Should he leave the poor to wait
Hungry at the convent gate,
Till the vision passed away?

Should he slight his radiant guest,
Slight this visitant celestial
For a crowd of ragged, bestial
Beggars at the convent gate ?
Would the vision there remain?
Would the vision come again?
Then a voice within his breast
Whispered audible and clear,
As if to the outward ear :
"Do thy duty; that is best;
Leave unto thy Lord the rest!"
Straightway to his feet he started,
And with longing look intent
On the blessed vision bent,
Slowly from his cell departed,
Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting,
Looking through the iron grating,
With that terror in the eye
That is only seen in those
Who amid their wants and woes
Hear the sound of doors that close,
And of feet that pass them by:
Grown familiar with disfavor,
Grown familiar with the savor
Of the bread by which men die;
But to-day, they knew not why,
Like the gate of Paradise
Seemed the convent gate to rise,
Like a sacrament divine
Seemed to them the bread and wine.
In his heart the Monk was praying,
Thinking of the homeless poor,
What they suffer and endure;
What we see not, what we see;
And the inward voice was saying:
"Whatsoever thing thou doest
To the least of mine and lowest,
That thou doest unto me."

Unto me! but had the vision
Come to him in beggar's clothing,
Come a mendicant imploring,
Would he then have knelt adoring,
Or have listened with derision,
And have turned away with loathing?
Thus his conscience put the question,
Full of troublesome suggestion,
As at length, with hurried pace,
Toward his cell he turned his face,
And beheld the convent bright
With a supernatural light,
Like a luminous cloud expanding
Over floor and wall and ceiling.
But he paused with awe-struck feeling
At the threshold of his door,
For the vision still was standing
As he left it there before,
When the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Summoned him to feed the poor.
Through the long hour intervening
It had waited his return,
And he felt his bosom burn,
Comprehending all the meaning,
When the blessed vision said:
"Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled."



THE CAPTAIN'S WELL.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

[From the New York Ledger.]

From pain and peril, by land and main,
The shipwrecked sailor came back again;

Back to his home, where wife and child,
Who had mourned him lost, with joy were wild,

Where he sat once more with his kith and kin,
And welcomed his neighbors thronging in.

But when morning came he called for his spade.
"I must pay my debt to the Lord," he said.

"Why dig you here," asked the passer-by;
"Is there gold or silver the road so nigh?"

"No, friend," he answered, "but under this sod
Is the blessed water, the wine of God."

"Water! the Powwow is at your back,
And right before you the Merrimac,

"And look you up, or look you down,
There's a well-sweep at every door in town."

"True," he said, "we have wells of our own;
But this I dig for the Lord alone."

Said the other: "This soil is dry, you know,
I doubt if a spring can be found below;

"You had better consult, before you dig,
Some water-witch, with a hazel twig."

"No, wet or dry, I will dig it here,
Shallow or deep, if it takes a year.

"In the Arab desert, where shade is none,
The waterless land of sand and sun,

"Under the pitiless, brazen sky
My burning throat as the sand was dry;

"My crazed brain listened in fever-dreams
For splash of buckets and ripple of streams;

"And, opening my eyes to the blinding glare,
And my lips to the breath of the blistering air,

"Tortured alike by the heavens and earth,
I cursed, like Job, the day of my birth.

"Then something tender and sad and mild
As a mother's voice to her wandering child,

"Rebuked my frenzy, and, bowing my head,
I prayed as I never before had prayed:

"Pity me, God, for I die of thirst;
Take me out of this land accurst;

"And if ever I reach my home again,
Where earth has springs, and the sky has rain,

"I will dig a well for the passer-by,
And none shall suffer with thirst as I.

"I saw, as I passed my home once more,
The house, the barn, the elms by the door,

"The grass-lined road, that riverward wound,
The tall slate stones of the burying-ground,

"The belfry and steeple on meeting-house hill,
The brook with its dam, and gray grist-mill,

"And I knew in that vision beyond the sea,
The very place where my well must be.

"God heard my prayer in that evil day;
He led my feet in their homeward way,

"From false mirage and dried-up well,
And the hot sand-storms of a land of hell,

“Till I saw at last, through a coast hill’s gap,
The city held in its stony lap,

“The mosques and the domes of scorched Muscat,
And my heart leaped up with joy thereat;

“For there was a ship at anchor lying,
A Christian flag at its mast-head flying,

“And sweetest of sounds to my home-sick ear
Was my native tongue in the sailors’ cheer.

“Now, the Lord be thanked, I am back again,
Where earth has springs, and the skies have rain.

“And the well I promised by Oman’s Sea,
I am digging for Him in Amesbury.”

His good wife wept, and his neighbors said:
“The poor old captain is out of his head.”

But from morn to noon, and from noon to night,
He toiled at his task with main and might;

And when at last from the loosened earth,
Under his spade the stream gushed forth,

And fast as he climbed to his deep well’s brim,
The water he dug for followed him.

He shouted for joy:— “I have kept my word
And here is the well I promised the Lord!”

The long years came, and the long years went
And he sat by his road-side well, content;

He watched the travelers, heat-oppressed,
Pause by the way to drink and rest,

And the sweltering horses dip, as they drank,
Their nostrils deep in the cool, sweet tank;

And, grateful at heart, his memory went
Back to that waterless Orient,

And the blessed answer of prayer, which came
To the earth of iron and sky of flame.

And when a wayfarer, weary and hot,
Kept to the mid-road, pausing not

For the well's refreshing, he shook his head;
"He don't know the value of water," he said;

"Had he prayed for a drop, as I have done,
In the desert circle of sand and sun,

"He would drink and rest, and go home to tell
That God's best gift is the wayside well!"



THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The River Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin was a pity.
Rats!

They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,

Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
"'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation—shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease?
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sat in council,
At length the Mayor broke silence:
"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell;
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
I'm sure my poor head aches again
I've scratched it so, and all in vain,
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the Chamber door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister,
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous)

“Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!”
“Come in!”—the Mayor cried, looking bigger;
And in did come the strangest figure.
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in—
There was no guessing his kith and kin!
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire:
Quoth one: “It’s as my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom’s tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tomb-
stone.”

He advanced to the council-table:
And, “Please your honor,” said he, “I’m able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole, and toad, and newt, and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper.”
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self same-cheque,
And at the scarf’s end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)

“Yet,” said he, “poor Piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire bats:
And, as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders?”
“One? fifty thousand!”—was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.
Into the street the Piper stepped,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the house the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the River Weser
Wherein all plunged and perished.

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple;
“Go,” cried the Mayor, “and get long poles!
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!

Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!"—when suddenly up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a "First, if you please, my thousand
guilders!"

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.
For council dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gipsy coat of red and yellow!
"Besides," quoth the Mayor with a knowing
wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something to
drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But, as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Besides, our losses have made us thrifty;
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"
The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait! beside,
I've promised to visit by dinner-time
Bagdad, and accepted the prime
Of the Head Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor.
With him I proved no bargain-driver;
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion."

“How?” cried the Mayor, “d’ye think I’ll
brook

Being worse treated than a Cook?

Insulted by a lazy ribald

With idle pipe and vesture piebald?

You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,

Blow your pipe there till you burst!”

Once more he stepped into the street;

And to his lips again

Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;

And ere he blew three notes (such sweet

Soft notes as yet musicians cunning

Never gave the enraptured air)

There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling

Of merry crowds jostling, at pitching and hust-
ling,

Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clatter-
ing,

Little hands clapping, and little tongues chat-
tering,

And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is
scattering,

Out came the children running.

All the little boys and girls,

With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,

And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,

Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after

The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood

As if they were changed into blocks of wood

Unable to move a step, or cry

To the children merrily skipping by—

And could only follow with the eye

That joyous crowd at the Piper’s back.

But how the Mayor was on the rack,

And the wretched Council’s bosoms beat,

As the Piper turned from the High street

To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However he turned from south to west,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.

“He never can cross that mighty top!

He’s forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!”
When lo, as they reached the mountain’s side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children fol-
lowed,

And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain side shut fast.
Did I say all? No! one was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say:

“It’s dull in our town since my playmates left;

I can’t forget that I’m bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me;
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings;
And horses were born with eagle’s wings;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the Hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!”

Alas, alas for Hamelin!

There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says, that Heaven's Gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in.
The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South
To offer the Piper by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavor,
And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,
"And so long after what happened here
On the twenty-second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six."
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it the Pied Piper's street—
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor,
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away;
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people that ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbors lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison

Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why they don't understand.

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers
Of scores out with all men—especially pipers;
And, whether they pipe us free from rats or from
mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our
promise.



A TRAGEDY.

BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

How many acts are there in a tragedy?
Five, I believe.

Act I.—Young man starting from home.
Parents and sisters weeping to see him go.
Wagon passing over the hill. Farewell
kiss thrown back. Ring the bell and let
the curtain drop.

Act II.—Marriage altar. Bright lights.
Full organ. White veil trailing through
the aisle. Prayer and congratulations, and
exclamations of "How well she looks!"
Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.

Act III.—Midnight. Woman waiting
for staggering steps. Old garments stuck
into broken window panes. Many marks
of hardship on the face. Biting the nails
of bloodless fingers. Neglect, cruelty, dis-

grace. Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.

Act IV.—Three graves in a very dark place. Grave of a child, who died from want of medicine; grave of husband and father, who died of dissipation; grave of wife and mother, who died of a broken heart. Plenty of weeds but no flowers! Oh! what a blasted heath, with three graves! Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.

Act V.—A destroyed soul's eternity. No light; no music; no hope! Despair coiling around the heart with unutterable anguish. Blackness of darkness forever! Woe! woe! woe! I cannot bear longer to look. I close my eyes at this last act of the tragedy. Quick! quick! Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.



LICHEN AND MOSSES.

BY JOHN RUSKIN.

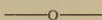
Lichen and mosses (though these last in their luxuriance are deep and rich as herbage, yet both for the most part humblest of the green things that live)—how of these? Meek creatures! the first mercy of the earth, veiling with hushed softness its dintless rocks; creatures full of pity, covering with strange and tender honor the scarred disgrace of ruin, laying quiet finger on the

trembling stones, to teach them rest. No words, that I know of, will say what these mosses are. None are delicate enough, none perfect enough, none rich enough. How is one to tell of the rounded bosses of furred and beaming green—the starred divisions of rubied bloom, fine-filmed, as if the Rock Spirits could spin porphyry as we do glass—the traceries of intricate silver, and fringes of amber, lustrous, arborescent, burnished through every fibre into fitful brightness and glossy traverses of silken change, yet all subdued and pensive, and framed for simplest, sweetest offices of grace. They will not be gathered, like the flowers, for chaplet or love-token; but of these the wild bird will make its nest, and the wearied child his pillow.

And, as the earth's first mercy, so they are its last gift to us. When all other service is vain, from plant and tree, the soft mosses and gray lichen take up their watch by the headstone. The woods, the blossoms, the gift-bearing grasses, have done their parts for a time, but these do service forever. Trees for the builder's yard, flowers for the bride's chamber, corn for the granary, moss for the grave.

Yet as in one sense the humblest, in another they are the most honored of the earth-children. Unfading, as motionless,

the worm frets them not, and the autumn wastes not. Strong in lowliness, they neither blanch in heat nor pine in frost. To them, slow-fingered, constant-hearted, is entrusted the weaving of the dark, eternal tapestries of the hills; to them, slow-penciled, iris-dyed, the tender framing of their endless imagery. Sharing the stillness of the unimpassioned rock, they share also its endurance; and while the winds of departing spring scatter the white hawthorn blossoms like drifted snow, and summer dims on the parched meadow the drooping of its cowslip gold,—far above, among the mountains the silver lichen-spots rest, star-like, on the stone, and the gathering orange-stain upon the edge of yonder western peak reflects the sunsets of a thousand years.



THE BELLS.

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!

What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells—
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony fore-
tells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh! from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic
fire

Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor,
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!

How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear, it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of
the bells—
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody
compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright,
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,

And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are Ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls, rolls,
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells—
Of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells,
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

THIS SIDE AND THAT.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

The rich man sat in his father's seat—
Purple an' linen, an' a' thing fine!
The puir man lay at his gate i' the street,
Sairs an' tatters, an' weary pine!

To the rich man's table ilk dainty comes;
Mony a morsel gaed frae't, or fell;
The puir man fain wad hae dined on the crumbs,
But whether he got them I canna tell.

Servants prood, saft-fitit an' stoot,
Stan' by the rich man's curtained doors;
Maisterless dogs 'at rin about
Cam to the puir man an' lickit his sores.

The rich man deed, an' they buried him gran';
In linen fine his body they wrap;
But the angels tuik up the beggar-man,
An' laid him doon in Abraham's lap.

The guid upo' this side, the ill upo' that—
Sic was the rich man's waesome fa';
But his brithers they eat, an' they drink, an'
they chat,
An' care na a strae for their father ha'.

The trowth's the trowth, think what ye will;
Ah! some they kenna what they wad be at;
But the beggar-man thought he did no that ill;
Wi' the dogs o' this side, the angels o' that.

TILL DEATH US JOIN.

BY DEAN STANLEY.

"Till Death us part."

So speaks the heart,

When each to each repeats the words of doom ;

Through blessing and through curse,

For better and for worse,

We will be one till that dread hour shall come.

Life, with its myriad grasp,

Our yearning souls shall clasp,

By ceaseless love, and still expectant wonder ;

In bonds that shall endure,

Indissolubly sure,

Till God in death shall part our path asunder.

Till Death us join.

O voice yet more divine !

That to the broken heart breathes hope sublime

Through lonely hours

And shattered powers

We still are one, despite of change and time.

Death, with his healing hand,

Shall once more knit the band

Which needs but that one link which none may
sever ;

Till, through the Only Good,

Heard, felt, and understood,

Our life in God shall make us one forever.

DEDICATION OF GETTYSBURG
CEMETERY.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation—or any nation so conceived and so dedicated—can long endure.

We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who have given their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our power to add or to detract. The world will very little note nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated, here, to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the

great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolved that these dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.



IN SCHOOL DAYS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Still sits the schoolhouse by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumacs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

Within the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial.

The charcoal frescoes on the wall,
It's worn door-sill betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing.

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting,
Lit up its western window panes
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled, golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school was leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled;
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To the right and left, he lingered.
As restlessly her tiny hands
Her blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the trembling of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.

"I am sorry that I spelt the word;
I hate to go above you,
Because"—the brown eyes lower fell—
"Because, you see, I love you."

Still memory to the gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing;
Dear girl, the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing.

He lived to learn, in life's hard school,
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumphs and his loss—
Like her, because they loved him.

THE SPOILED WORLD.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

We hear the cry for bread, with plenty smiling
all around;

Hill and valley in their bounty blush for man
with fruitage crowned.

What a merry world it might be, opulent for all
and aye,

With its lands that ask for labor, and its wealth
that wastes away!

This world is full of beauty, as other worlds
above;

And, if we did our duty, it might be full of
love.

The leaf-tongues of the forest, and the flower-
lips of the sod,

The happy birds that hymn their raptures in the
ear of God,

The summer wind that bringeth music over land
and sea,

Have each a voice that singeth this sweet song of
songs to me—

“This world is full of beauty, as other worlds
above;

And, if we did our duty, it might be full of
love.”

If faith, and hope, and kindness passed, as coin,
'twixt heart and heart,

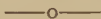
Up through the eye's tear-blindness, how the
sudden soul should start!

The dreary, dim and desolate should wear a
sunny bloom,

And love should spring from buried hate, like
flowers from winter's tomb.

This world is full of beauty, as other worlds
above;
And, if we did our duty, it might be full of
love.

Were truth our uttered language, spirits might
talk with men,
And God-illuminated earth should see the Golden
Age again;
The burthened heart should soar in mirth like
morn's young prophet-lark,
And misery's last tear wept on earth quench
hell's last cunning spark!
This world is full of beauty, as other worlds
above;
And, if we did our duty, it might be full of
love.



THE GLORIOUS CONSTITUTION.

FROM A SPEECH BY DANIEL WEBSTER.

The benefits of the Constitution are not exclusive. What has it left undone, which any government could do, for the whole country? In what condition has it placed us? Where do we now stand? Are we elevated, or degraded, by its operation? What is our condition, under its influence, at the very moment when some talk of arresting its power and breaking its unity? Do we not feel ourselves on an eminence? Do we not challenge the respect of the whole world? What has placed us thus high? What has given us this just pride?

What else is it, but the unrestrained and free operation of that same Federal Constitution, which it has been proposed now to hamper and manacle and nullify? Who is there among us, that, should he find himself on any spot of the earth where human beings exist, and where the existence of other nations is known, would not be proud to say, I am an American? I am a countryman of Washington? I am a citizen of that Republic, which, although it has suddenly sprung up, yet there are none on the globe who have ears to hear, and have not heard of it; who have eyes to see, and have not read of it; who know anything, and yet do not know of its existence and its glory? And, gentlemen, let me now reverse the picture. Let me ask, who is there among us, if he were to be found to-morrow in one of the civilized countries of Europe, and were there to learn that this goodly form of government had been overthrown—that the United States were no longer united—that a death-blow had been struck upon their bond of union—that they themselves had destroyed their chief good and their chief honor—who is there, whose heart would not sink within him? Who is there, who would not cover his face for very shame?

At this very moment, gentlemen, our

country is a general refuge for the distressed and the persecuted of other nations. Whoever is in affliction from political occurrences in his own country looks here for shelter. Whether he be a republican, flying from the oppression of thrones—or whether he be monarch or monarchist, flying from thrones that crumble and fall under or around him—he feels equal assurance that if he get foothold on our soil, his person is safe, and his rights will be respected.

And who will venture to say that in any government now existing in the world, there is greater security for persons or property than in that of the United States? We have tried these popular institutions in times of great excitement and commotion; and they have stood substantially firm and steady, while the fountains of the great deep have been elsewhere broken up; while thrones, resting on ages of prescription, have tottered and fallen; and while in other countries the earthquake of unrestrained popular commotion has swallowed up all law and all liberty and all right, together. Our government has been tried in peace, and it has been tried in war, and has proved itself fit for both. It has been assailed from without, and it has successfully resisted the shock; it has been dis-

turbed within, and it has effectually quieted the disturbance. It can stand trial—it can stand assault—it can stand adversity—it can stand everything but the marring of its own beauty and the weakening of its own strength. It can stand everything but the effects of our own rashness and our own folly. It can stand everything but disorganization, disunion, and nullification.



GOD SAVE OUR NATIVE LAND.

BY JULIUS H. SEELYE.

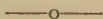
God save our native land,
And make her strong to stand
For truth and right.
Long may her banner wave,
Flag of the free and brave!
Thou who alone canst save,
Grant her thy might.

Ever from sea to sea
May law and liberty
O'er all prevail.
Where'er the rivers flow,
Where'er the breezes blow,
May love and justice grow,
And never fail.

In living unity
May all her people be
Kept evermore.

From hence on every side
May freedom's swelling tide
Roll grandly, far and wide,
To every shore.

O God! to thee we raise
Our grateful song of praise
For this glad land.
Thou didst our fathers lead,
Thou wilt their children heed,
Supplying all their need
From thy full hand.



SAUNDERS McGLASHAN'S COURT- SHIP.

Saunders McGlashan was a hand-loom weaver in a rural part of Scotland many years ago. Saunders was a simple-minded man, but no simpleton. He knew nothing of the ways of women. Various maidens had set their caps at him, but he had never seen it. He knew his Bible well, and naturally turned to Solomon for advice, but did not get much comfort there. "Hoo am I to understand women?" he said, "for Solomon was the wisest man that ever lived, and he said he couldna understand the ways o' women; it wasna for the want o' opportunity, onyway."

Instinct told him that when he went a-wooing his best dress should go on; and

looking in the glass he said: "I canna gang to see the lassies wi' a beard like that." The shaving done, he rubbed his chin, saying with great simplicity, "I think that should dae for the lassies noo."

Then he turned and admired himself in the glass, for vanity is the last thing that dies, even in man. "Ye're no a very ill-looking man after a', Saunders; but it's a' very weel bein' guid lookin' and weel drest, but whatna woman am I gaun to seek for my wife?"

He got at length a paper and pencil and wrote down with great deliberation six female names in large half-text, carefully dotting all the "i's," and stroking all the "t's," and surveyed the list as follows:

"That's a' the women I mind about. There's no great choice among them; let me see," putting on his spectacles, "it's no wise-like gaun courtin' when a body needs to wear specs. Several o' them I've never spoken till, but I suppose that's of no consequence in this case. There's Mary Young; she's not very young at ony rate. Elspeth McFarlane; but she's blind o' the richt e'e, and it's not necessary that Saunders McGlashan should marry an imperfect woman. Kirsty Forsyth; she's been married twice already, an' surely twa men's enough for ony woman. Mary

Morrison, a bonnie woman; but she's gotten a confounded lang tongue, an' they say the hair upon her heid's no her ain hair. I'm certain it's her ain tongue at ony rate! Jeannie Millar, wi' plenty o' siller—not to be despised. Janet Henderson, wi' plenty o' love. I ken that she has a gude heart, for she was kind to her mither lang bed-fast. Noo which o' thae six will I go to first? I think the first four can bide a wee, but the last twa—siller and love!—love and siller! Eh, wadna it be grand if a person could get them baith! but that's no allowed in the Christian dispensation. The patriarchs had mair liberty. Abraham wud just hae ta'en them baith; but I'm no' Abraham. They say siller's the god o' the world. I never had any more use for siller than to buy meat and claes, to put a penny in the plate on Sabbath, and gie a bawbee to a blind fiddler. But they say heaven's love and love's heaven, an' if I bring Janet Henderson to my fireside, and she sits at that side darnin' stockin's and I sit at this side readin' after my day's wark, an' I lauch ower to her and she lauchs ower tae me, isna that heaven upon earth? A body can get on in this world withoot siller, but they canna get on in the world withoot love. I'll gie Janet Henderson the first offer."

He put on his best Sabbath-day hat, and issued forth into the street. Instantly at all the windows commanding a view of the street there were female noses flattened against the panes. Voices might be heard crying: "Mither! mither! mither! Come here! come here! Look! look! look! There's Saunders McGlashan wi' his beard aff, and his Sabbath-day claes on in the middle o' the week! He's lookin' awfu' melancholy. I wonder wha's dead?"

Quite unconscious of the sensation he was creating, he walked gravely on toward the house of Janet Henderson. She at this moment, not knowing that her first offer was so near, was sitting spinning, sighing and saying: "Eh! preserve me! It's a weary warld! I've been thirty years auld for the last ten years (sings):

"Naebody comin' tae marry me,
Naebody comin' tae woo!
Naebody comin' tae marry me,
Naebody comin' tae woo."

The door opened, and there stood Saunders McGlashan.

"Eh! preserve me, Saunders, is that you? A sicht o' you's guid for sair een! Come awa' into the fire. What's up wi' ye the day, Saunders? Ye're awfu' weel lickit up, ye are. I never saw you lookin' sae handsome. What is't ye're after?"

"I'm gaun aboot seeking a wife!"

"Eh! Saunders, if that's what ye want, ye needna want that very lang, I'm thinkin'."

"But ye dinna seem to understand me; it's you I want for my wife."

"Saunders McGlashan! think shame o' yersel', makin' a fool o' a young person in that manner."

"I'm makin' nae fool o' ye, Janet. This very day I'm determined to hae a wife. You are the first that I've spoken till. I houp there's nae offence, Janet. I meant nae offence. Eh! oh! very weel, if that's the way o't, it canna be helped," and, slowly unfolding the paper which he had taken from his waistcoat pocket, "I have several other women's names markit down here tae ca' upon."

She saw the man meant business, stopped her spinning, looked down, was long lost in thought, raised her head, and broke the silence as follows: "Saunders (ahem) McGlashan (ahem), I've given your serious offer great reflection; I've spoken to my heart, and the answer's come back to my tongue. I'm sorry tae hurt your feelin's, Saunders; but what the heart speaketh the tongue repeateth. A body maun act in thae matters according to their conscience, for they maun gie an account at the last.

So I think, Saunders—I think I'll just—I'll just"—covering her face with her apron—"I'll just tak' ye. Eh! Saunders, gae 'wa' wi' ye! gae 'wa'! gae 'wa'!"

But the maiden did not require to resist, for he made no attack, but solemnly sat in his seat and solemnly said: "I'm rale muckle obleeged to ye, Janet. It'll no be necessary to ca' on ony o' thae ither lassies noo!"

He rose, thinking it was all over, and turned toward the door; but the maiden was there first with her back at the door, and said:

"Preserve me! what have I done? If my neebors come tae ken that I've ta'en you at the very first offer they'll point the finger of scorn at me, and say ahint my back as lang as I live, 'that woman was deein' for a man;' so ye maun come every day for the next month, and come in daylight, so that they'll a' see ye comin' an' gaun, and they'll say 'that woman's no easy coortit, I can tell ye; the puir man's wearin' his shoon aff his feet!' For, Saunders, though I'll be your wife, Saunders, I'm determined to hae my dues o' courtship a' the same."

She lit the lamp of love in his heart at last. For the first time in his long life he felt the unmistakable, holy, heavenly glow;

his heart broke into a full storm of love, and, stooping down, he took her yielding hand in his, and said:

“Yes, I wull; yes, I wull! I’ll come twice every day, my Jo! my Jo—Janet!”

Before the unhappy man knew where he was he had kissed the maiden, who was long expecting it. But the man blushed crimson, feeling guilty of a crime which he thought no woman could forgive, for it was the first kiss he had gotten or given in fifty long Scottish, kissless years, while the woman stood with a look of supreme satisfaction, and said to him:

“Eh! Saunders McGlashan, isna that rale refreshin’?”



THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

King Francis was a hearty king, and loved a
royal sport,
And one day, as his lions strove, sat looking on
the court:
The nobles filled the benches round, the ladies
by their side,
And 'mongst them Count de Lorge, with one he
hoped to make his bride:
And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crown-
ing show,
Valor and love, and a king above, and the royal
beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with their paws;
With wallowing might and stifled roar they rolled one on another,
Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a thund'rous smother;
The bloody foam above the bars came whizzing through the air;
Said Francis then, "Good gentlemen, we're better here than there!"

De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a beauteous lively dame,
With smiling lips, and sharp bright eyes, which always seemed the same:
She thought, "The Count, my lover, is as brave as brave can be;
He surely would do desperate things to show his love of me!
King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the chance is wondrous fine;
I'll drop my glove to prove his love; great glory will be mine!"

She dropped her glove to prove his love; then looked on him and smiled;
He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild:
The leap was quick; return was quick; he soon regained his place;
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face!

"In truth!" cried Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from where he sat:
"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like that!"

THE BOYS.

An address to the 1829 class at Harvard University on its thirtieth anniversary.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Has there any old fellow got mixed with the
boys?

If there has, take him out, without making a
noise.

Hang the almanac's cheat and the catalogue's
spite!

Old Time is a liar! we're twenty to-night!

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are
more?

He's tipsy,—young jackanapes!—show him the
door!

"Gray temples at twenty?"—Yes! white if we
please;

Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there's noth-
ing can freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!

Look close—you will see not a sign of a flake!

We want some new garlands for those we have
shed,

And these are white roses in place of the red.

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have
been told,

Of talking (in public) as if we were old;

That boy we call "Doctor," and this we call
"Judge;"

It's a neat little fiction—of course it's all fudge.

That fellow's the "Speaker," the one on the
right;
"Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you
to-night?
That's our "Member of Congress," we say when
we chaff;
There's the "Reverend"—what's his name?—
don't make me laugh.

That boy with the grave mathematical look
Made believe he had written a wonderful book,
And the Royal Society thought it was true!
So they chose him right in—a good joke it was
too.

There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-decker
brain,
That could harness a team with a logical chain;
When he spoke for our manhood in syllabled fire,
We called him "The Justice," but now he's the
"Squire."

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith;
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;
But he shouted a song for the brave and the
free—
Just read on his medal, "My country," "of
thee!"

You hear that boy laughing? You think he's all
fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has
done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loud-
est of all!

Yes, we're boys—always playing with tongue or
with pen;
And I sometimes have asked, shall we ever be
men?
Shall we always be youthful, and laughing, and
gay,
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?
Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its
gray!
The stars of its winter, the dewes of its May!
And when we have done with our life-lasting
toys,
Dear Father, take care of thy children, The
Boys!



CHILLS AND FEVER.

BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D.

There has somehow arisen a strong prejudice against the above phase of country life, and no one has appeared as its champion. It is slung down among diseases, and denounced as though nothing might be said in its favor. For some inexplicable reason, people say nothing of it till they have sold their place.

We estimate as among the most interesting periods of our life the season when we were attacked with it. If there were any advantages to be derived, we certainly derived them. It was a matter of some doubt whether we had the chills or the

chills had us; but one warm summer afternoon it was decided in our favor. If the people who are longing for a new sensation would only try this! It is a different feeling from that which a man has on any other occasion. Is it not strange that there is so much practical ignorance on this subject when the chills may be so easily taken? You need go no long journey to obtain them. Just wheel your arm-chair to the piazza some June night, or walk along the marsh at dusk, or ride out on a damp evening without an overcoat, and you have them as thoroughly as many a man who has gone to greater expense. Nay, some places are so well adapted to them that without any use of means at all you may win the prize. Chills and fever are entirely unselfish. If a man gets the quinsy, sore-throat or a boil on his back, he is apt to monopolize the entire entertainment; but in the case of which I speak, your family may join you. If the one shakes, they may all shake. If the one looks blue around the finger nails, they may all look blue around the finger nails.

You begin, without any apparent reason, to feel very tired, awfully tired. You become seriously aware that you have a great many bones, and are convinced that your limbs have a great superfluity of

ossification. You begin to yawn till any chicken with the gapes would think you were caricaturing the diseases of the barn-yard. You stretch, without any seeming idea as to what you are putting out your hands for. You button up one button of your coat. You walk round the house and then fasten two buttons. You walk up-stairs, and fasten all the buttons. You lie down on the clean white spread, boots and all. Your wife, after criticising your taste in going to bed with boots on, puts on you all the blankets she can find; and you shout, "More cover!" She hunts up all the shawls, and piles them up in woolen pyramid. She gets out two or three old dresses, and puts them on; and you cry, "Give us more cover!" Considerably frightened, she lays on the top of the pile her best dresses. She puts on the top of this the children's clothes, and then gives solidity to the mass by adding two pillows; and through your chattering teeth you exclaim, "More cover!" You feel that you are making the Arctic expedition in search of John Franklin, and that the friendly Esquimaux are rubbing you down with a couple of small icebergs. Your tongue is a hailstone, and your nose an icicle.

By this time the stomach becomes like

the Stock Exchange, with all the breakfasts you ever ate trying each to bid the highest, after a while throwing all the securities flat on the market. You save a thousand dollars by getting seasick, without the experiences and perils of an ocean expedition. You feel as if you must have swallowed something that was going toward Tarshish, when it ought to have been going toward Nineveh. You wonder what has got into you; and make up your mind that it must be more Esquimaux riding up and down behind ten dogs fastened to sledges.

Suddenly the climate changes from Arctic to Torrid. Your wife lifts the two pillows; but still you are too hot, and your wife takes off the layer of children's clothes. But by this time you are like a buried Titan, and away fly off from your struggling limbs the tertiary, cretaceous, carboniferous, and calciferous strata of old dresses and new dresses, shawls and blankets. You want air. You want fans. You have an oven in your head, three cooking stoves under your diaphragm; and if one earns bread by the sweat of his brow, you have shed enough perspiration to buy out several bakeries. You chew ice, and squeeze lemons, and dramatize the ague; and then lie four hours in silence, meditating on the

pleasures of life in the country, with fine river prospect.

The ague is not at all disquieting after you get sufficiently used to it. The trouble with us was, not that we had the ague, but that we did not keep the place long enough to get used to it. We have no patience with those plain, matter-of-fact people who can see no poetry in the ague. They have no appreciation of any great physical enterprise. They run for quinine, or Deshler's pills, or India Chologogue, to get rid of that about which many have wondered, but died without the sight.

It may be a recommendation for this physical luxury to those who like permanency and fixedness that this is not like many of the acquisitions of earth, transitory and evanescent. Once get it, and you need have no fear of losing it. It is like the widow's cruse of oil—it never fails. We knew a Western pastor who had it for fifteen years, and we saw him sitting in ecclesiastical council one day taking a chill as naturally as the Heidelberg Catechism. He looked as if he were gnashing his teeth at heterodoxy; but he was only chattering because he was chilly.

One of the grand moral arguments in favor of the ague is the fact that it clothes

one with the exquisite grace of humility. Nothing like the shakes to make a man abhor himself. He would be willing to sell himself for a low price, and take his pay in parsley and onions. He sinks in his own estimation, till in the comparison he considers the mouse to be a very noble animal, and sits down on the porch, not wanting to be spoken to, and hurls a brick at the cat for making fun of him.

Another thing in favor of this institution is that when you have it you are insured for the time being against any disease. We should like to see a man try to get the croup or the mumps at the time this is on him. It monopolizes a man's entire attention. He has no time for anything else. He shakes off everything irrelevant. Who will say that this concentration of a man's attention on one thing is not a valuable mental discipline? He can think of nothing else. It is equal in this respect to a regular course of mathematics. Indeed, the mere matter of counting the shakes gives him the sum in simple addition; and as he finds his strength being taken away, he goes into subtraction, and tests the rule of three by calculating if he shakes as hard as this in one attack, how much he will shake in three. By this time he gets into algebra, and finds out that a chill plus a

fever, plus quinine, plus India Cholagogue, plus antidote, plus boneset tea, plus enlargement of the spleen, plus the doctor's bill, is equal to ten fits. But the ague patient rises to still higher mathematics; and, during one of the attacks on the bed, describes with his body an equilateral polygon, and sits up, taking hold of his feet till he is turned into a hypotenuse, and gets his body so thoroughly mixed up and out of place that he proves that the rectangle contained by the diagonals of a quadrilateral inscribed in a circle is equivalent to the sum of the rectangles of the opposite sides; and winds up his mathematical exercises by pons asinorum, and a fever delirium, in which he sees Euclid dancing about with an epicycloid around his neck, and a parallelopiped on his back, and a whole class of college freshmen hanging on to his coat-tail. Now, if there be such mathematical drill in chills and fever, why not have our colleges and young ladies' seminaries removed from the inland regions, and set the buildings down where they shall have a river front?

But chills and fever would not be well vindicated did we not say that they always make business lively. Not only is the patient very active at times; but there is lively work for druggists, doctors, and after

a while for enterprising undertakers. For months we made daily pilgrimage to the apothecary. You want to begin with anti-bilious pills. Then you want a febrifuge. Then you want a tonic. All this failing, then you want a physician; then, utterly depressed, you want a minister; and after that you don't know what you want; but before you have been long in the perplexity of not knowing what you want, you have another chill, and then the perplexity is over, for you decide that your want is—more cover.

All these wants make lively markets. When you have nothing else to take your attention, you have the buzzing in your ear that comes from large doses of quinine. This noise is like an œcumenical council of bees, and has a poetic and rhythmic effect in reminding you of that delightful refrain, "How doth the busy bee improve each shining hour!"

Oh that all the world lived in the country and that every house had a river front!

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER'S HILL.

It was a starry night in June, the air was soft
and still,
When the "minute-men" from Cambridge came,
and gathered on the hill;
Beneath us lay the sleeping town, around us
frowned the fleet,
But the pulse of freemen, not of slaves, within
our bosoms beat;
And every heart rose high with hope, as fearlessly
we said,
"We will be numbered with the free, or num-
bered with the dead!"

"Bring out the line to mark the trench, and
stretch it on the sward!"
The trench is marked, the tools are brought, we
utter not a word,
But stack our guns, then fall to work with mat-
tock and with spade,
A thousand men with sinewy arms, and not a
sound is made;
So still were we, the stars beneath, that scarce a
whisper fell;
We heard the red-coat's musket click, and heard
him cry, "All's well!"

See how the morn is breaking! the red is in the
sky!
The mist is creeping from the stream that floats
in silence by;
The "Lively's" hull looms through the fog, and
they our works have spied,
For the ruddy flash and round-shot part in thun-
der from her side;

And the "Falcon" and the "Cerberus" make
every bosom thrill,
With gun and shell, and drum and bell, and
boatswain's whistle shrill;
But deep and wider grows the trench, as spade
and mattock ply,
For we have to cope with fearful odds, and the
time is drawing nigh!

Up with the pine-tree banner! Our gallant Pres-
cott stands
Amid the plunging shells and shot, and plants it
with his hands;
Up with the shout! for Putnam comes upon his
reeking bay,
With bloody spur and foaming bit, in haste to
join the fray.

But thou whose soul is glowing in the summer of
thy years,
Unvanquishable Warren, thou, the youngest of
thy peers,
Wert born and bred, and shaped and made, to act
a patriot's part,
And dear to us thy presence is as heart's blood
to the heart.

Hark! from the town a trumpet! The barges at
the wharf
Are crowded with the living freight; and now
they're pushing off
With clash and glitter, trump and drum, in all its
bright array,
Behold the splendid sacrifice move slowly o'er
the bay!
And still and still the barges fill, and still across
the deep,
Like thunder clouds along the sky, the hostile
transports sweep.

And now they're forming at the Point; and now
the lines advance:
We see beneath the sultry sun their polished
bayonets glance;
We hear anear the throbbing drum, the bugle-
challenge ring;
Quick bursts and loud the flashing cloud, and
rolls from wing to wing;
But on the height our bulwark stands, tre-
mendous in its gloom—
As sullen as a tropic sky, and silent as a tomb.

And so we waited till we saw, at scarce ten rifles'
length,
The old vindictive Saxon spite, in all its stub-
born strength;
When sudden, flash on flash, around the jagged
rampart burst
From every gun that livid light upon the foe
accursed.
Then quailed a monarch's might before a free-
born people's ire;
Then drank the sward the veteran's life, where
swept the yeoman's fire.

Then, staggered by the shot, we saw their serried
columns reel,
And fall, as falls the bearded rye beneath the
reaper's steel;
And then arose a mighty shout that might have
waked the dead—
“Hurrah! they run! the field is won! Hurrah!
the foe is fled!”
And every man hath dropped his gun to clutch a
neighbor's hand,
As his heart kept praying all the while for home
and native land.

Thrice on that day we stood the shock of thrice a
thousand foes,
And thrice that day within our lines the shout of
victory rose;
And though our swift fire slackened then, and,
reddening in the skies,
We saw from Charlestown's roofs and walls the
flamy columns rise,
Yet while we had a cartridge left, we still main-
tained the fight,
Nor gained the foe one foot of ground upon that
blood-stained height.

What though for us no laurels bloom, and o'er
the nameless brave
No sculptured trophy, scroll, nor hatch records a
warrior grave!
What though the day to us was lost—upon that
deathless page
The everlasting charter stands for every land and
age!

For man hath broke his felon bonds, and cast
them in the dust,
And claimed his heritage divine, and justified
the trust;
While through his rifted prison-bars the hues of
freedom pour
O'er every nation, race and clime, on every sea
and shore,
Such glories as the patriarch viewed, when, mid
the darkest skies,
He saw above a ruined world the Bow of Promise
rise.

AFTER THE ACCIDENT.

BY F. BRET HARTE.

[SCENE—At the mouth of the shaft of a mine in which an explosion has taken place. An agitated woman speaking.]

What I want is my husband, sir—
And if you are a man, sir,
You'll give me an answer,—
Where is my Joe?

Penrhyn, sir, Joe—
Caernovanshire.
Six months ago
Since we came here—
Eh!—Ah, you know!

Well, I am quiet
And still.
But I must stand here,
And will!
Please—I'll be strong—
If you'll just let me wait
Inside o' that gate
Till the news comes along.

“Negligence”—
That was the cause;
Butchery!—
Are there no laws—
Laws to protect such as we?

Well, then!—
I won't raise my voice,
There, men!
I won't make no noise:
Only you just let me be.

Four, only four—did he say—
Saved! and the other ones?—Eh?

Why do they call?

Why are they all

Looking and coming this way?

What's that?—a message?

I'll take it.

I know his wife, sir,

I'll break it.

"Foreman!"

Ay, ay!

"Out by and by"—

"Just saved his life."

"Say to his wife,

Soon he'll be free."

Will I?—God bless you,

It's me!



BAITING A GUIDE.

BY MARK TWAIN.

[Finding the guides to the show places of Europe accustomed to having American tourists go into ecstasies over their exhibits, the party determine to astonish one of the guides by a pretence of indifference and stupidity.]

We never went into ecstasies any more—we never admired anything—we never showed any but impassible faces and stupid indifference in the presence of the sublimest wonders a guide had to display. The doctor asked the questions generally, because he could keep his countenance and look

more like an inspired idiot than any man that lives. It comes natural to him.

The guides in Genoa are delighted to secure an American party, because Americans so much wonder, and deal so much in sentiment and emotion before any relic of Columbus. Our guide there fidgeted about as if he had swallowed a spring mattress. He was full of animation—full of impatience. He said:—

“Come wis me, genteelmen!—come! I show you ze letter writing by Christopher Colombo!—write it himself!—write it wis his own hand!—come!”

He took us to the municipal palace. After much impressive fumbling of keys and opening of locks, the stained and aged document was spread before us. The guide’s eyes sparkled. He danced about us and tapped the parchment with his finger:—

“What I tell you, genteelmen! Is it not so? See! handwriting Christopher Colombo!—write it himself!”

We looked indifferent, unconcerned. The doctor examined the document very deliberately, during a painful pause. Then he said, without any show of interest,—

“Ah,—Ferguson,—what—what did you say was the name of the party who wrote this?”

“Christopher Colombo! ze great Christopher Colombo!”

Another deliberate examination.

“Ah,—did he write it himself, or,—or how?”

“He write it himself!—Christopher Colombo! he’s own handwriting, write by himself!”

Then the doctor laid the document down and said,—

“Why, I have seen boys in America only fourteen years old that could write better than that.”

“But zis is ze great Christo—”

“I don’t care who it is! It’s the worst writing I ever saw. Now you mustn’t think you can impose on us because we are strangers. We are not fools, by a good deal. If you have got any specimens of penmanship of real merit, trot them out!—and if you haven’t, drive on!”

We drove on. The guide was considerably shaken up, but he made one more venture. He had something which he thought would overcome us. He said,—

“Ah, genteelmen, you come wis us! I show you beautiful, oh, magnificent bust Christopher Colombo!—splendid, grand, magnificent!”

He brought us before the beautiful bust—for it was beautiful—and sprang back and struck an attitude:—

"Ah, look, genteelmen!—beautiful, grand,—bust Christopher Colombo!—beautiful bust, beautiful pedestal!"

The doctor put up his eye-glass—procured for such occasions:—

"Ah,—what did you say this gentleman's name was?"

"Christopher Colombo! ze great Christopher Colombo!"

"Christopher Colombo,—the great Christopher Colombo. Well, what did he do?"

"Discover America!—discover America—oh, ze diable!"

"Discover America? No,—that statement will hardly wash. We are just from America ourselves. Christopher Colombo,—pleasant name,—is—is he dead?"

"Oh, corpo di Baccho!—three hundred year!"

"What did he die of?"

"I do not know. I cannot tell."

"Small-pox, think?"

"I do not know, genteelmen,—I do not know what he die of."

"Measles, likely?"

"Maybe,—maybe. I do not know,—I thing he die of something."

"Parents living?"

"Im-posseeble!"

"Ah,—which is the bust and which is the pedestal?"

"Santa Maria!—zis ze bust!—zis ze pedestal!"

"Ah, I see, I see,—happy combination,—very happy combination, indeed. Is—is this the first time this gentleman was ever on a bust?"

That joke was lost on the foreigner,—guides cannot master the subtleties of the American joke.

We have made it interesting for this Roman guide. Yesterday we spent three or four hours in the Vatican again, that wonderful world of curiosities. We came very near expressing interest sometimes, even admiration. It was hard to keep from it. We succeeded, though. Nobody else ever did in the Vatican museums. The guide was bewildered, nonplused. He walked his legs off, nearly, hunting up extraordinary things, and exhausted all his ingenuity on us, but it was a failure; we never showed any interest in anything. He had reserved what he considered to be his greatest wonder till the last—a royal Egyptian mummy, the best preserved in the world, perhaps. He took us there. He felt so sure this time that some of his old enthusiasm came back to him:

"See, genteelmen!—Mummy! mummy!"

The eye-glass came up as calmly, as deliberately as ever.

"Ah,—Ferguson,—what did I understand you to say the gentleman's name was?"

"Name?—he got no name!—Mummy!—'Gyptian mummy!"

"Yes, yes. Born here?"

"No. 'Gyptian mummy."

"Ah, just so. Frenchman, I presume?"

"No! not Frenchman, not Roman! Born in Egypta!"

"Born in Egypta. Never heard of Egypta before. Foreign locality, likely. Mummy, mummy. How calm he is, how self-possessed! Is—ah!—is he dead?"

"Oh, sacré bleu! been dead three thousand' year!"

The doctor turned on him savagely: "Here, now, what do you mean by such conduct as this? Playing us for Chinamen, because we are strangers and trying to learn! Trying to impose your vile second-hand carcasses on us! Thunder and lightning! I've a notion to—to—if you've got a nice, fresh corpse fetch him out!"

However, he has paid us back partly, and without knowing it. He came to the hotel this morning to ask if we were up, and he endeavored, as well as he could, to describe us, so that the landlord would know which persons he meant. He finished with the casual remark that we were

lunatics. The observation was so innocent and so honest that it amounted to a very good thing for a guide to say.

Our Roman Ferguson is the most patient, unsuspecting, long-suffering subject we have had yet. We shall be sorry to part with him. We have enjoyed his society very much. We trust he has enjoyed ours, but we are harassed with doubts.



THE ANNOTATED LITANY IN CHURCH.

"I'm glad we got here early, Nell;
We're not obliged to sit to-day
Behind those horrid Smith girls—well,
I'm glad they go so soon away.
How does this cushion match my dress?
I think it looks quite charmingly."

Bowed sweetly to the Smiths, "Oh! yes—"

Responds.—Pride, vanity, hypocrisy.

Good Lord, deliver us.

"I hate those haughty Courteney's!
I'm sure they needn't feel so fine
Above us all, for mamma says
Their dresses aren't as nice as mine.
And one's engaged; so, just for fun,
To make her jealous—try to win
Her lover—show her how 'tis done."

Responds.—From hatred, envy, mischief, sin,

Good Lord, deliver us.

“To-day the rector is to preach
In aid of missionary work;
He'll say he hopes and trusts that each
Will nobly give, nor duty shirk.
I hate to give, but then one must,
You know we have a forward seat.
People can see—they will, I trust.”

Responds.—From want of charity, deceit,
Good Lord, deliver us.

“Did you know Mr. Gray had gone?
That handsome Mr. Rogers, too?
Dear me! we shall be quite forlorn
If all the men leave—and so few!
I trust that we with Cupid's darts
May capture some—let them beware.”

Responds.—Behold the sorrow of our hearts,
And, Lord, with mercy,
Hear our prayers!

—o—

LINCOLN.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

[Part of Commemoration Ode, Harvard, July 21, 1865.]

Life may be given in many ways,
And loyalty to truth be sealed
As bravely in the closet as the field,
So bountiful is fate;
But then to stand beside her,
When craven churls deride her,
To front a lie in arms and not to yield—
This shows, methinks, God's plan
And measure of a stalwart man,
Limbed like the old heroic breeds,
Who stands self-poised on manhood's solid
earth
Not forced to frame excuses for his birth,
Fed from within with all the strength he needs.

Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,
Whom late the Nation he had led,
With ashes on her head,
Wept with the passion of an angry grief:
Forgive me, if from present things I turn
To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,
And hang my wreath on his world-honored urn.
Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote:
For him her Old World moulds aside she threw,
And choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the inexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth.
But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!
They knew that outward grace is dust:
They could not choose but trust
In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,
And supple-tempered will
That bent like perfect steel to spring again and
thrust.
His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind;
Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined.
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.
Nothing of Europe here,
Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still;
Ere any name of Serf and Peer
Could Nature's equal scheme deface
And thwart her gentle will;

Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face
to face.

I praise him not; it were too late;
And some innative weakness there must be
In him who condescends to victory
Such as the present gives, and cannot wait,
Safe in himself as in a fate.
So always firmly he:
He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.
Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These all are gone, and, standing like a
tower,
Our children shall behold his fame
The kindly, earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.



THE LESSON.

BY MARY B. DODGE.

A village school room—this the scene—
Aglow with a slant sun cheery:
The dominie there, of youthful mien,
With the sun of his spirit sharp and keen;
And a class of girls in serried row,
Some taller, and some of stature low;
And some, like the morning sun, afire
To reach the summit of brave desire:
And, as aye, some unco dreary!

"I canna an' winna teach, an' ye
Sae stupid the while I query—
Nae vision for ocht but vanity!"
With thundering rap the dominie
Out-blurled, chafed by a listless girl,
Whose only care seemed to smooth and twirl
Her apron-steamers. "Will onie lass
Mak' answer in a' this glaikit class?"
The dominie sighed aweary.

"Oh, ay," said a little one, "I can tell."
"Weel, out wi't then, my dearie"—
And the frown from the master's forehead fell,
For the sweetest girl in the school was Nell—
"I want ye to show me the meaning plain
O' patience; sin' ow'r an' ow'r again
I've put it this day!" Then the little maid,
With a roughish twinkle, soberly said:
"Wait a wee, an' dinna weary."



RURAL INFELICITY.

BY M. QUAD.

He had been to town-meeting, had once voyaged a hundred miles on a steamboat, and had a brother who had made the over-land trip to California.

She had been to quiltings, funerals, and a circus or two; and she knew a woman who thought nothing of setting out on a railroad journey where she had to wait fifteen minutes at a junction and change cars at a depot.

So I found them—a cozy-looking old

couple, sitting up very straight in their seat, and trying to act like old railroad travelers. A shadow of anxiety suddenly crossed her face; she became uneasy, and directly she asked:

"Philetus, I act'lly b'lieve we've went and took the wrong train!"

"It can't be, nohow," he replied, seeming a little startled. "Didn't I ask the conductor, and he said we was right?"

"Yaas, he did; but look out the window, and make sure. He might have been deceivin' us."

The old man looked out the window at the flitting fences, the galloping telegraph-poles, and the unfamiliar fields, as if expecting to catch sight of some landmark, and forgetting for a moment that he was a thousand miles from home.

"I guess we're all right, Mary," he said, as he drew in his head.

"Ask somebody—ask that man there," she whispered.

"This is the train for Chicago, hain't it?" inquired the old man of the passenger in the next seat behind.

"This is the train," replied the man.

"There! didn't I say so?" clucked the old man.

"It may be—it may be!" she replied, dubiously; "but if we are carried wrong, it

won't be my fault. I say that we are wrong, and when we've been led into some pirate's cave, and butchered for our money, ye'll wish ye had heeded my words!"

He looked out of the window again, opened his mouth as if to make some inquiry of a boy sitting on the fence, and then leaned back on his seat and sighed heavily.

She shut her teeth together, as if saying that she could stand it if he could, and the train sped along for several miles. He finally said:

"Looks like rain over thar in the west. I hope the boys have got them oats in."

"That makes me think of the umbreller!" diving her hands among the parcels at their feet.

She hunted around two or three minutes, growing red in the face, and then straightened up and hoarsely whispered:

"It's gone!"

"W—what?" he gasped.

"That umbreller!"

"No!"

"Gone, hide and hair!" so she went on, "that sky-blue umbreller, which I've had ever since Martha died!"

He searched around, but it was not to be found.

"Waal, that's queer," he mused, as he straightened up.

"Queer! not a bit. I've talked to ye and talked to ye, but it does no good. Ye come from a heedless fam'ly; and ye'd forget to put on your boots, 'f I didn't tell ye to."

"None of the Harrisons was ever in the poor-house!" he replied in a cutting tone.

"Philetus! Philetus H. Harrison!" she continued, laying her hand on his arm, "don't you dare twit me of that again! I've lived with ye nigh on to forty years, and waited on ye when ye had biles and the toothache and the colic, and when ye fell and broke your leg; but don't push me up to the wall!"

He looked out of the window, feeling that she had the advantage of him, and she wiped her eyes, settled her glasses on her nose, and used up the next fifteen minutes in thinking of the past. Feeling thirsty, she reached down among the bundles, searched around, and her face was pale as death as she straightened back and whispered:

"And that's gone, too!"

"What now?" he asked.

"It's been stole!" she exclaimed, looking around the car, as if expecting to see some one with the bottle to his lips.

"Fust the umbreller—then the bottle!" she gasped.

"I couldn't have left it, could I?"

"Don't ask me! That bottle has been in our family twenty years, ever since mother died; and now it's gone! Land only knows what I'll do for a camfire bottle when we git home, if we ever do!"

"I'll buy one."

"Yes, I know ye are always ready to buy; and if it wasn't for me to restrain ye, the money'd fly like feathers in the wind."

"Waal, I didn't have to mortgage my farm," he replied, giving her a knowing look.

"Twitting again! It isn't enough that you've lost a good umbreller and a camfire bottle; but you must twit me o' this and that."

Her nose grew red, and tears came to her eyes; but, as he was looking out of the window, she said nothing further. Ten or fifteen minutes passed; and, growing restless, he called out to a man across the aisle:

"What's the sile around here?"

"Philetus! Philetus H. Harrison! stop your noise!" she whispered, poking him with her elbow.

"I just asked a question," he replied, resuming his old position.

"What'd your brother Joab tell ye, the last thing afore we left hum?" she asked.

"Didn't he say somebody'd swindle ye on

the string game, the confidence game, or some other game? Didn't he warn ye ag'in rascals?"

"I hain't seen no rascals."

"Of course ye haven't, 'cause yer blind! I know that that man is a villun; and if they don't arrest him for murder afore we leave this train, I'll miss my guess. I can read human natur' like a book."

There was another period of silence, broken by her saying:

"I wish I knew that this was the train for Chicago."

"'Course it is."

"How do you know?"

"'Cause it is."

"Waal, I know it hain't; but if you are contented to rush along to your destruction, I sha'n't say a word. Only when your throat is being cut, don't call out that I didn't warn ye!"

The peanut boy came along, and the old man reached down for his wallet.

"Philetus, ye sha'n't squander that money after peanuts!" she exclaimed, using the one hand to catch his arm, and the other to wave the boy on.

"Didn't I earn it?"

"Yaas, you sold two cows to get money to go on this visit; but it's half gone now, and the land only knows how we'll get home!"

The boy passed on, and the flag of truce was hung out for another brief time. She recommenced hostilities by remarking:

"I wish I hadn't cum."

He looked up and then out of the window.

"I know what ye want to say," she hissed; "but it's a blessed good thing for you that I did come! If ye'd come alone, ye'd have been murdered and gashed and scalped, and sunk into the river afore now!"

"Pooh!"

"Yes, pooh, 'f ye want to, but I know!"

He leaned back; she settled herself anew; and by and by—

He nodded—

She nodded—

And, in sleep, their gray heads touched; and his arm found its way along the back of the seat, and his hand rested on her shoulder.



THE WIND AND THE MOON.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

Said the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow you out.

You stare

In the air

Like a ghost in a chair,

Always looking what I am about;

I hate to be watched; I will blow you out."

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon.
 So, deep
 On a heap
 Of clouds, to sleep,
Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon—
Muttering low, "I've done for that Moon."

He turned in his bed; she was there again!
 On high
 In the sky,
 With her one ghost eye,
The Moon shone white and alive and plain.
Said the Wind—"I will blow you out again."

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon grew dim.
 "With my sledge
 And my wedge
 I have knocked off her edge!
If only I blow right fierce and grim,
The creature will soon be dimmer than dim."

He blew and he blew, and she thinned to a
 thread.
 "One puff
 More's enough
 To blow her to snuff!
One good puff more where the last was bred,
And glimmer, glimmer, glum will go the thread!"

He blew a great blast, and the thread was gone;
 In the air
 Nowhere
 Was a moonbeam bare;
Far off and harmless the shy stars shone;
Sure and certain the Moon was gone!

The Wind he took to his revels once more;
 On down,
 In town,
 Like a merry mad clown,
He leaped and halloed with whistle and roar,
"What's that?" The glimmering thread once
 more!

He flew in a rage—he danced and blew;
 But in vain
 Was the pain
 Of his bursting brain;
For still the broader the Moon-scrap grew,
The broader he swelled his big cheeks and blew.

Slowly she grew—till she filled the night,
 And shone
 On her throne
 In the sky alone,
A matchless, wonderful, silvery light,
Radiant and lovely, the Queen of the Night.

Said the Wind—"What a marvel of power am I!
 With my breath,
 Good faith!
 I blew her to death—
First blew her away right out of the sky—
Then blew her in; what a strength am I!"

But the Moon she knew nothing about the affair,
 For, high
 In the sky,
 With her one white eye,
Motionless, miles above the air,
She had never heard the great Wind blare.

THE OLD WIFE.

BY THERON BROWN.

By the bed the old man, waiting, sat in vigil sad
and tender,
Where his aged wife lay dying; and the twilight
shadows brown
Slowly from the wall and window chased the sun-
set's golden splendor
Going down.

"Is it night?" she whispered, waking (for her
spirit seemed to hover
Lost between the next world's sunrise and the
bed-time cares of this),
And the old man, weak and tearful, trembling
as he bent above her,
Answered, "Yes."

"Are the children in?" she asked him. Could
he tell her? All the treasures
Of their household lay in silence many years
beneath the snow;
But her heart was with them living, back among
her toils and pleasures
Long ago,

And again she called at dew-fall, in the sweet old
summer weather.

"Where is little Charley, father? Frank and
Robert—have they come?"

"They are safe," the old man faltered—"all the
children are together,
Safe at home."

Then he murmured gentle soothings, but his grief
 grew strong and stronger,
 Till it choked and stilled him as he held and
 kissed her wrinkled hand,
 For her soul, far out of hearing, could his fond-
 est words no longer
 Understand.

Still the pale lips stammered questions, lullabies
 and broken verses,
 Nursery prattle—all the language of a mother's
 loving heeds,
 While the midnight round the mourner, left to
 sorrow's bitter mercies,
 Wrapped its weeds.

There was stillness on the pillow—and the old
 man listened lonely—
 Till they led him from the chamber, with the
 burden on his breast,
 For the wife of seventy years, his manhood's
 early love and only,
 Lay at rest.

"Fare you well," he sobbed, "my Sarah; you
 will meet the babes before me;
 'Tis a little while, for neither can the parting long
 abide,
 And you'll come and call me soon, I know—and
 heaven will restore me
 To your side."

* * * * * * *

It was even so. The springtime in the steps of
 winter treading,
 Scarcely shed its orchard blossoms ere the old
 man closed his eyes,
 And they buried him by Sarah—and they had
 their "diamond wedding"
 In the skies.

PRAYER.

BY LORD TENNYSON.

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy
voice

Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,
Both for themselves and those who call them
friend?

For so, the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.



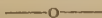
THE LAND OF NOD.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Come cuddle your head on my shoulder, dear,
Your head like the golden-rod,
And we will go sailing away from here
To the beautiful Land of Nod.
Away from life's hurry, and flurry, and worry,
Away from earth's shadows and gloom,
To a world of fair weather we'll float off together
Where roses are always in bloom.

Just shut up your eyes and fold your hands,
Your hands like the leaf of a rose;
And we will go sailing to those fair lands
That never an atlas shows.
On the north and the west they are bounded by
rest,
On the south and east by dreams;
'Tis a country ideal, where nothing is real,
But everything only seems.

Just drop down the curtains of your dear eyes,
Those eyes like a bright blue-bell;
And we will sail out under star-lit skies
To the land where the fairies dwell.
Down the river of sleep our barque shall sweep,
Till it reaches that mystical Isle
Which no man hath seen, but where all have been,
And there we will pause awhile.
I will croon you a song as we float along
To that shore that is blessed of God,
Then ho! for that fair land, we're off for that
rare land,
That beautiful land of Nod.



JEANIE'S CHRISTMAS JOURNEY.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Little Jeanie's bright eyes have a look of the
morn.
And her sunny hair shines like the gloss of the
corn.
When the eyes shall be dim and the locks shall
be gray,
I think she'll remember a strange Christmas day
She had in her life when her birthdays were few
And little of danger or sorrow she knew.
With father and mother away at the West,
The child was as lone as a bird in the nest,
Uncared for, untended, though aunty was there—
An aunty whose kisses were frosty and rare,
Who had meetings to go to and people to see,
And to all Jeanie's questions would answer "Dear
me!
Just as you please, pet, and keep out of harm;"
Then, over the work of the letters whose charm
Enchanted her heart, would forget the poor child,
Who was left very much like a weed to run wild.

It was late in December, and Christmas was near,
When home should be bubbling with mirth and
good cheer;

But no one seemed thinking of Christmas a bit,
And much Jeanie marveled and puzzled, till it
Grew plain to her mind that no Christmas could
come

To a child without father and mother at home,
And dear brother Tom—oh, she couldn't tell where,
Every night she asked God to keep Tom in His
care,

And to let him be found soon; for aunty had
said

That he had been naughty, and so he had fled.
Had Jeanie been naughty, she'd never have stayed
Away from dear mother, ashamed and afraid.
So, "Jesus, forgive him, and make him be good,"
Prayed Jeanie, the darling, and did what she
could.

The day before Christmas, nor cedar, nor pine,
Nor red-berried holly had Jeanie to twine.

"You may hang up your stocking," her aunty
had said.

But not of herself mused the fair drooping head.
Her swift little fingers were aching to sew
On something for mother; but hours would go,
While aunty thought nothing of presents to make
And the fond little heart felt as though it would
break.

"At least," she concluded, "I'll do what I can:
My father would say 'twas a beautiful plan:
I'll give my best things to some child who has
none,

And I'll not even save the prettiest one.

I'll go out with my gifts now, and make some-
one glad,

And then perhaps Jesus will see that I'm sad,
And show me the way to my father and mother
And help me to find, where he's hidden, my
brother."

In her warm Mother Hubbard and cunning gray
poke,
A mite of a thing in the hat and the cloak,
With a doll in her arm, and a basket quite full,
She tripped in to aunty, just home from a school
Where poor little children were brought from the
street,
And fed, and taught verses, and given a treat
On the bright Christmas Eve. Now aunty was
tired;
The day had not been as she planned and desired.
So, scarcely attending to what Jeanie asked,
In the glow of the grate as she cozily basked.
“Yes, run away, little one,” quickly she said,
“But be back before tea,” and away Jeanie sped.

* * * * *

There was left in her basket one treasure most
dear:
To make it had taken her more than a year,
And now it was dark, but the streets were ablaze,
And crowded with shoppers, and scarce through
the maze,
In the fast-growing gloom, could Jeanie proceed.
She must give the bright scrap-book to some one
in need
Of pictures and stories and verses so sweet.
The gay dancing measure went out of her feet,
For Jeanie was weary, and deep was the snow.
Alas! tea was over—oh, long, long ago.
And aunty, now frightened, sent this way and that
For a wee Mother Hubbard and Greenaway hat.
And neighbors were searching, and soon the po-
lice
Would be hunting a child with a soft golden
fleece
And eager brown eyes, through the cold and the
storm.
Oh! where could be loitering the dear little form?

Meanwhile little Jeanie had come to a place
Where the yellow lamps flared on full many a
face
With homesickness written in every hard line.
There were women with brows that were patient
and fine,
And rosy-cheeked girls, cheery, honest, and true,
Who would shrink from no labor their hands
found to do;
There were old men, with beards that hung low
on the breast,
And lads looking forth to the green, ample West;
There were flaxen-haired babies, and children
blue-eyed,
In shawls and odd kerchiefs that primly were
tied,
And Jeanie looked round for the one who should
fold
To her bosom the book that was better than gold.
Such a tiny, quaint woman she picked from the
throng,
A child with a face that was gleeful and strong,
“Merry Christmas!” cried Jeanie, and gave her
the book.
Then right in her eyes saw so happy a look
That she pressed through the crowd, lest the
chance she should miss,
And with arms round her neck, gave the stranger
a kiss.
“All aboard!” rang the order. With hurry and
rout
Were the travelers marshaled, spectators sent out.
“All aboard!” rang the shout, then were whistles
again,
And steamed from the station the emigrant train.
And somehow, hand clasped in the dear Norway
girl’s,
The pretty hat crushed o’er the cloud of her
curls,

Little Jeanie went too, with a heart throbbing
fast,

And a passionate feeling of freedom at last,
Quite sure it was Jesus had led her along,
And made her a place in this strange-speaking
throng.

“Dear Saviour!” she whispered, with lowly bent
head—

“Please keep me all safe, like a lamb of thy fold;
Please think of my name when the names are all
told,

And take me, I pray, to my father and mother
To-morrow, and help us find Tom, my dear
brother!”

Then softly and safely—for Jesus would keep
The dear trustful child—she fell soundly asleep;
And Gretchen’s mamma, seeing some great mistake
Such care as she could then decided to take;
And covered her snugly till night wore its way
To the dawn of the Christmas—earth’s holiest day.
I think, on this night the bright angels above
Recall in their music that errand of love
When the hills of Judea were kindled to flame,
And heaven taught earth to repeat the blest name
Of the mighty Redeemer, the conquering One,
Divine and eternal, yet Mary’s fair Son.
Little Jean slept all night, and when morning
had broke,

By signs to a uniformed man Gretchen spoke,
And Gretchen’s mamma; and with angry surprise
He fastened on Jeanie a keen pair of eyes.
The dress, the distinction, the bright little face
In this rabble of peasants he knew had no place.
Yet tenderly, too (he’d a child of his own),
He lifted her up, and with arm round her thrown,
Said: “Where did you come from? Who are
you, my dear?

I see you are lost; but, pray, who brought you
here?”

"I think it was Jesus," the little one said.

"I am going out West"—with a nod of her head.

"It's Christmas, you know, and I'm going to mother

And father, and maybe to Tom, my big brother."

"Well! well!" said the man, very crusty and cross,

But he carried her high on his shoulder; "a loss

Like this was enough just to drive her folks wild,"

He muttered. "They should have looked after the child."

The train slackened speed, and went slowly and stopped,

And here little Jean at a station was dropped.

Her friend said "Good-bye," and a telegram sent,

Which ere long gave aunty a moment's content.

The people came round, as the train whirled away,

And Jeanie stood sobbing, the morn was so gray,

And she was so lonesome and hungry and cold,

Her hair was so tangled; the bitter tears rolled

Down her cheeks one by one, a forlorn little waif.

And still the dear Saviour was keeping her safe.

For suddenly, swift from an incoming car

Rushed a lady whose face was as pure as a star,

And caught little Jean, Mother Hubbard and all,

And kissed her, and wondered, and wrapped a great shawl

Round the shivering figure. "My daughter! you here?

Where's aunty? and where did you come from, my dear?"

And father was there, oh, so strong and so tall!

And straightway the child forgot terror and all

Her sadness and trouble, and laughed out in cheer:
"Merry Christmas has come. I'm so glad you
are here.

I was going to look for you, father and mother,
I thought I could help you search for my brother."

Ah! how they had chafed at the weary delay,
Which had kept them en route until dawned
Christmas Day!

And now they thanked God that their steps had
been led

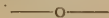
To Jeanie, unhurt in a hair of her head.

'Twas a change to be whisked to a drawing-room
car,

Through great sunny windows to gaze out afar,
Over white fields of snow, over bridges and
streams,

While people and houses rushed past her like
dreams;

And father found somewhere a sweet Paris doll
That was almost as lovely as Hetty's; and all
That she said mother answered with gentle caress,
Or a look that made up for a month of distress.
And just as the twilight fell murky and gray,
They came to the end of this wonderful day.



MUSIC IN CAMP.

BY JOHN R. THOMPSON.

Two armies covered hill and plain,
Where Rappahannock's waters
Ran deeply crimsoned with the stain
Of battle's recent slaughters.

The summer clouds lay pitched like tents
In meads of heavenly azure;
And each dread gun of the elements
Slept in its high embrasure.

The breeze so softly blew, it made
No forest leaf to quiver,
And the smoke of the random cannonade
Rolled slowly from the river.

And now where circling hills looked down
With cannon grimly planted,
O'er listless camp and silent town
The golden sunset slanted.

When on the fervid air there came
A strain, now rich, now tender,
The music seemed itself aflame
With day's departing splendor.

A Federal band, which eve and morn
Played measures brave and nimble,
Had just struck up with flute and horn
And lively clash of cymbal.

Down flocked the soldiers to the banks,
Till, margined by its pebbles,
One wooded shore was blue with "Yanks,"
And one was gray with "Rebels."

Then all was still; and then the band
With movement light and tricky,
Made stream and forest, hill and strand,
Reverberate with "Dixie."

The conscious stream, with burnished glow,
Went proudly o'er its pebbles,
But thrilled throughout its deepest flow
With yelling of the Rebels.

Again a pause, and then again
The trumpet pealed sonorous,
And "Yankee Doodle" was the strain
To which the shore gave chorus.

The laughing ripple shoreward flew
To kiss the shining pebbles—
Loud shrieked the swarming Boys in Blue
Defiance to the Rebels.

And yet once more the bugle sang
Above the stormy riot;
No shout upon the evening rang—
There reigned a holy quiet.

The sad, slow stream its noiseless flood
Poured o'er the glistening pebbles;
All silent now the Yankees stood,
All silent stood the Rebels:

No unresponsive soul had heard
That plaintive note's appealing,
So deeply "Home, Sweet Home," had stirred
The hidden founts of feeling.

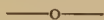
Or blue or gray, the soldier sees,
As by the wand of fairy,
The cottage 'neath the live oak trees,
The cabin by the prairie.

Or cold or warm, his native skies
Bend in their beauty o'er him:
Seen through the tear-mist in his eyes
His loved ones stand before him.

As fades the iris after rain,
In April's tearful weather,
The vision vanished as the strain
And daylight died together.

But memory, waked by music's art,
Expressed in simplest numbers,
Subdued the sternest Yankee's heart—
Made light the Rebel's slumbers.

And fair the form of Music shines,
That bright, celestial creature,
Who still 'mid war's embattled lines
Gave this one touch of nature.



HOW HEZEKIAH STOLE THE SPOONS.

In a quiet little Ohio village, many years ago, was a tavern where the stages always changed, and the passengers expected to get breakfast. The landlord of the said hotel was noted for his tricks upon travelers, who were allowed to get fairly seated at the table, when the driver would blow his horn (after taking his "horn"), and sing out, "Stage ready, gentlemen!"—whereupon the passengers were obliged to hurry out to take their seats, leaving a scarcely tasted breakfast behind them, for which, however, they had to pay over fifty cents! One day, when the stage was approaching the house of this obliging landlord, a passenger said that he had often heard of the landlord's trick, and he was afraid they would not be able to eat any breakfast.

"What!—how? No breakfast!" exclaimed the rest.

"Exactly so, gents, and you may as well keep your seats and tin."

"Don't they expect passengers to break-fast?"

"Oh! yes! they expect you to it, but not to eat it. I am under the impression that there is an understanding between the landlord and the driver, that for sundry and various drinks, etc., the latter starts before you can scarcely commence eating."

"What on airth are you all talking about? Ef you calkelate I'm going to pay four and ninepence for my breakfast, and not get the valee on't you're mistaken," said a voice from a back seat, the owner of which was one Hezekiah Spaulding—though "tew hum" they call him "Hez" for short. "I'm goin' to get my breakfast here, and not pay nary red cent till I do."

"Then you'll be left."

"Not as you knows on, I guess I won't."

"Well, we'll see," said the other, as the stage drove up to the door and the landlord ready "to do the hospitable," says—

"Breakfast just ready, gents! Take a wash, gents? Here's water, basins, towels, and soap."

After performing the ablutions, they all proceeded to the dining-room, and commenced a fierce onslaught upon the edibles, though Hez took his time. Scarcely had they tasted their coffee when they heard the unwelcome sound of the horn, and the

driver exclaimed, "Stage ready!" Up rise eight grumbling passengers, pay their fifty cents, and take their seats.

"All on board, gents?" inquires the host.

"One missing," said they.

Proceeding to the dining-room the host finds Hez very coolly helping himself to an immense piece of steak, the size of a horse's hip.

"You'll be left, sir! Stage going to start."

"Wall, I hain't got nothin' agin it," drawls out Hez.

"Can't wait, sir—better take your seat."

"I'll be blowed ef I do, nother, till I've got my breakfast! I paid for it, and I am goin' to get the valee on't it; and ef you calkelate I hain't you are mistaken."

So the stage did start, and left Hez, who continued his attack upon the edibles. Biscuits, coffee, etc., disappeared before the eyes of the astonished landlord.

"Say, squire, them cakes there is 'bout eat—fetch on another grist on 'em. You" (to the waiter), "'nother cup of that ere coffee. Pass them eggs. Raise your own pork, squire? This is 'mazin' nice ham. Land 'bout here tolerable cheap, squire? Hain't much maple timber in these parts, hev ye? Dew right smart trade, squire, I calkelate?"

And thus Hez kept quizzing the landlord until he had made a hearty meal.

"Say, squire, now I'm 'bout to conclude paying my devowers to this ere table, but just give us a bowl of bread and milk to top off with; I'd be much obleeged tew ye."

So out go the landlord and waiter for the bowl, milk, and bread, and set them before him.

"Spoon, tew, ef you please."

But no spoon could be found. Landlord was sure he had plenty of silver ones lying on the table when the stage stopped.

"Say, dew ye? dew ye think them passengers is goin' to pay ye for a breakfuss and not git no compensashun?"

"Ah! what? Do you think any of the passengers took them?"

"Dew I think? No, I don't think, but ef they are all as green as yew 'bout here I'm going to locate immediately and tew wonst."

The landlord rushes out to the stable, and starts a man off after the stage, which had gone about three miles. The man overtakes the stage and says something to the driver in a low tone. He immediately turns back, and on arriving at the hotel Hez comes out, takes his seat, and says:

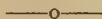
"How are yew, gents? I'm glad to see yew."

"Can you point out the man you think has the spoons?" asked the landlord.

"P'int him out? Sartenly I ken. Say, squire, I paid yew for a breakfuss, and I calkelate I got the valee on't it! You'll find them spoons in the coffee pot."

"Go ahead! All aboard, driver."

The landlord stared.



THE WRECK OF THE "NORTHERN BELLE."

BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

We left New York for London
 (And the wind left with us, too),
We thrashed our way through Atlantic spray,
 And ran the Channel through;
'Twas three on the morning of Monday
 When we let the anchors go
Ten cables or more from Kingsgate shore,
 To ride out the storm and snow;
Ten cables from where green meadows
 And quiet homes could be seen,
No greater space from peril to peace—
 But the savage sea between.

Yet a greater space to us had been grace,
 For still as we neared the shore,
The wild white roll of the waves on the shoal
 Roared round us more and more;
Roared out in a ring around us,
 You might see them fore and aft,
On ragged ledge and splintered edge,
 All mad to dash our craft;

While the weltering rocks, with their seaweed
locks,

Awash in the whirling froth,
Stood up like slaves of the winds and waves,
Waiting to wreak their wrath.

Not yet, brave ship! for the anchor's grip
Is fast in the ooze and shell;
The gusts may shake, and the great surge break
But the iron holds her well.

* * * * * *

'Twas ten of the day, and the vessel lay
Stern on the snow-dimmed shore.
And now from the town they hurry down,
For the cry is "A wreck!" "A wreck!"
(Ah! under their tread is the firm, green mead,
'Neath ours but the slippery deck.)
Kind souls! they shout! look! yonder comes out
A lugger from off the land.
Brave crew and craft!—Ready fore and aft!—
She will lend us a helping hand:
'Bout ship! so, so! she stays—yes! no!
Port, port! ah, heaven! that sea—
Gone—vessel and men while the heart beats ten!
Gone—drowned, for their charity!

Rose from each lip on shore and ship
A cry, a groan, a prayer;
While the nine hearts brave went under the wave,
And their death-cry hung in air;
No seaman but felt his man's heart melt;
But the masts were down ere now,
And the raffle and wreck, scarce clear of the deck,
Hung, fouling the larboard bow,
So we shouted at last, "Clear away that mast,
Or else we are ill-bested!
God take those home! When our turn's come
The dead can bury the dead!"

Thus all that day, in snow and spray,
For dear life still we toiled;
And faint and few the bold words grew
As nearer the breakers boiled;
And still, like a steed reined back at speed,
The ship did plunge and rear;
While the burly main strove on in vain
To crack our cable and gear:
Till the twilight gloom, like the earth on the
tomb,
Came over, and hid the town;
And the last we could see, they were busy a-lee
Dragging the life-boats down.

Ah me! no boat in that surf could float,
No oarsmen cleave a way;
No eye so bright as to pierce the night
That on land and water lay,
Oh! leaden dark, that left no spark
Of star in the wild, wet sky;
Not one pale ray to glimmer and say
That God and help were nigh.
The timbers racked, the cables cracked,
Wilder the waters dashed;
Ease her! no need—the ship is freed!
She strove, she rose, she crashed!

Then settled and fell the "Northern Belle,"
As one who no more strives;
But the foremast stood, good Canada wood,
With nine and twenty lives.
If dreadful the day, as none can say,
Oh! the night was terribler far,
As each man clung to the shrouds, or hung
Ice cold on the icy spar;
And hearts beat slow, as the night did go,
Like lazily ticking clock;
Till we longed to drop from the dripping top,
Nor wait for the last sure shock.

Then, while she did grind, we called to mind
Each one his own home-place,
New Jersey towns, and Connecticut downs,
And the pleasant meadows of maize.
We thought of brothers, and wives and mothers,
With whom we should never be;
Of our babies playing, or perhaps a prayer say-
ing
For "daddy," far off at sea;
And we said prayers to mingle with theirs,
And held for the daylight still,
Which came anon, when hope was gone,
As God's best mercies will.

For, soon as the clouds, like great gray shrouds,
Let out the Lazarus-light,
We looked to land, and saw on the sand,
Good God! a cheery sight;
Seven noble men (Christ save them, then!)
That would not see us drown,
With oars in hand, the life-boat manned
(The life-boat dragged from the town);
And they gave us a cheer we could plainly hear,
Which we answered with aching throat:
Ah! then, dear life! to watch the strife
Between the storm and the boat.

* * * * *

"Now, now! ah, now! Pull bow! pull bow!
Oh! yonder swells a sea,
She swamps!—no! no! Thank God, not so!
She rounds beneath our lee."
Thrice with a freight of lives they fight
Their way—stern down and stem,
Then safe and sound, on the English ground!
Thanks to the Lord, and them.

.

Look ye, mates mine! there be stories fine
Of Greek and Roman deed;
But when all's done, there was never one
Of better help and need.
Which man of our crew, my messmates true,
But holds his life a gift,
From those brave Seven, henceforward please
heaven
To be used with thoughtful thrift!
To be held on earth for service of worth
Save when Englishmen cry—and then
Come storm, come slaughter, to be spent like water
For the sake of the Kingsgate men.

* * * * *

I'll say one thing before I bring
This plain sea-song to its end—
Such hearts of gold, more than state-craft old,
Will help all quarrels to mend.
America sent, with warm intent,
Your ship for a New Year's token.
You give her back our lives from wrack,
Shall such friends ever be broken?
No! no! they shall stand hand fast in hand
All sisterly—side by side—
And none ever tell of the "Northern Belle"
Save with flushes and smiles of pride.

CLOSE OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

Let us go back and place ourselves in the year 1815. The scene is the battle-field of Waterloo, the strangest encounter of history; classic war taking her revenge; genius vanquished by calculation; Wellington against Napoleon. Here for hours two magnificent armies, artillery and infantry, lancers and cuirassiers, the veterans of the world, were hurled madly together. At length Blücher arriving, the whole English army swept forward irresistibly to the final assault.

The Imperial Guard felt the army of France slipping away around them in the gloom and the vast overthrow of the rout. Still symmetrical, drawn up in line, calm in the smoke of that conflict, the prestige of a hundred victories on their banners, they held on their course, battered more and more, dying faster and faster at every step.

A few squares of them, immovable in the flow of the rout as rocks in running water, held out until night. Night approaching and death also, they awaited this double shadow, and yielding unflinching to its

embrace. Toward nine o'clock in the evening, at the foot of the plateau, there remained but one.

In this fatal valley, at the bottom of that slope which had been climbed by the cuirassiers under the converging fire of the victorious artillery of the enemy, amid a frightful storm of projectiles, this square fought on. It was commanded by an obscure officer whose name was Cambronne. At every discharge the square grew less, but returned the fire. It replied to grape by bullets, narrowing in its four walls continually. Afar off, the fugitives, stopping for a moment to take breath, heard in the darkness this dismal thunder decreasing.

When the legion was reduced to a handful, when their flag was reduced to a shred, when their muskets, exhausted of ammunition, were reduced to nothing but clubs, when the pile of corpses was larger than the groups of the living, there spread among the conquerors a sort of sacred terror about these sublime martyrs; and the English artillery stopping to take breath was silent. It was a kind of respite. These combatants had about them a swarm of spectres—the outlines of men on horseback, the black profile of the cannons, the white sky seen through the wheels and the gun carriages—the colossal death's head

which heroes always see in the smoke of battle was advancing upon them and glaring at them. They could hear in the gloom of the twilight the loading of the pieces; the lighted matches, like tiger's eyes in the night, made a circle about their heads.

All the linstocks of the English batteries approached the guns, when, touched by their heroism, holding the death moment suspended over these men, an English general cried to them, "Brave Frenchmen! Surrender!" Cambronne answered, "Fudge!" To make this answer to disaster; to say this to destiny; to fling down this reply at the rain of the previous night, at the treacherous wall of Hougomont, at the sunken road of Ohain, at the delay of Grouchy, at the arrival of Blücher; to be ironical in the sepulchre is immense.

This unknown soldier, Cambronne, this infinitesimal of war, feels that there is a lie in a catastrophe doubly bitter. And at a moment when he is bursting with rage, he is offered this mockery—life! How can he restrain himself? They are there—all the kings of Europe, the fortunate generals, the thundering Jove. They have a hundred thousand victorious soldiers, and behind the hundred thousand, a million; their guns, with matches lighted, are agape; they have the Imperial Guard and the

Grand Army under their feet; they have crushed Napoleon, and Cambronne only remains. To this word of Cambronne the English voice replied—"Fire." The batteries flamed; the hills trembled; from all those brazen throats went forth a final vomiting of grape terrific. A vast smoke, dusky white in the light of the rising moon, rolled out; and when the smoke was dissipated there was nothing left. That formidable remnant was annihilated; the Old Guard was dead.



THE CHANGELING.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

I had a little daughter,
And she was given to me
To lead me gently backward
To the Heavenly Father's knee
That I by the force of nature,
Might in some dim wise divine
The depth of His infinite patience
To this wayward soul of mine.

I know not how others saw her,
But to me she was wholly fair,
And the light of the heaven she came from
Still lingered and gleamed in her hair;
For it was as wavy and golden,
And as many changes took,
As the shadows of sun-gilt ripples
On the yellow bed of a brook.

To what can I liken her smiling
Upon me, her kneeling lover,
How it leaped from her lips to her eyelids,
And dimpled her wholly over,
Till her outstretched hands smiled also,
And I almost seemed to see
The very heart of her mother
Sending sun though her veins to me!

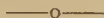
She had been with us scarce a twelvemonth,
And it hardly seemed a day,
When a troop of wandering angels
Stole my little daughter away;
Or perhaps those heavenly Zingari
But loosed the hampering strings,
And when they had opened her cage door,
My little bird used her wings.

But they left in her stead a changeling,
A little angel child, ,
That seems like her bud in full blossom,
And smiles as she never smiled:
When I wake in the morning, I see it
Where she always used to lie,
And I feel as weak as a violet
Alone 'neath the awful sky;

As weak, yet as trustful also;
For the whole year long I see
All the wonders of faithful Nature
Still worked for the love of me;
Winds wander, and dews drip earthward,
Rain falls, suns rise and set,
Earth whirls, and all but to prosper
A poor little violet.

This child is not mine as the first was,
I cannot sing it to rest,
I cannot lift it up fatherly
And bliss it upon my breast;

Yet it lies in my little one's cradle
And sits in my little one's chair,
And the light of the heaven she's gone to
Transfigures its golden hair.



THE EXECUTION OF CARTON.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

[Sydney Carton was a dissipated English lawyer who loved Lucie Manette. He would not degrade her by asking her to marry a drunkard, but he continued to love her devotedly after she married the Marquis Evrémonde, a young French refugee who was hiding in England. Evrémonde bore a striking resemblance to Carton and when Evrémonde was arrested in France and condemned to death during the reign of terror. Carton determined to make the woman he loved happy by dying in the place of her husband. He visited him in the condemned cell, chloroformed him and then changed clothes with him and by the connivance of the jailer remained in the cell to die, while Evrémonde in Carton's clothes was carried away in safety.]

The door closed, and Carton was left alone. Straining his powers of listening to the utmost, he listened for any sound that might denote suspicion or alarm. There was none. Breathing more freely, he sat down at the table and listened again until the clock struck two.

A jailer, with a list in his hand, looked in, merely saying: "Follow me, Evrémonde!" and he followed into a large dark room at a distance. It was a dark winter day, and what with the shadows within, and what with the shadows without, he could but dimly discern the others who were brought there to have their arms bound.

Some were standing; some seated. Some were lamenting, and in restless motion; but these were few. The great majority were silent and still, looking fixedly at the ground.

As he stood by the wall in a dim corner, while some of the fifty-two were brought in after him, one man stopped in passing to embrace him, as having a knowledge of him. It thrilled him with a great dread of discovery; but the man went on. A very few moments after that, a young woman, with a slight, girlish form, a sweet, spare face in which there was no vestige of color, and large, widely-opened, patient eyes, rose from the seat where he had observed her sitting, and came to speak to him.

"Citizen Evrémonde," she said, touching him with her cold hand, "I am a poor little seamstress, who was with you in La Force."

"True. I forget what you were accused of?"

"Plots. Though the just heaven knows I am innocent of any. Is it likely? Who would think of plotting with a poor, little weak creature like me?"

The forlorn smile with which she said it so touched him that tears started.

"I am not afraid to die, Citizen Evrémonde, but I have done nothing. I am not

unwilling to die, if the Republic, which is to do so much good to us poor, will profit by my death; but I do not know how that can be, Citizen Evrémonde. Such a poor, weak little creature!"

His heart warmed and softened to this pitiable girl—the last thing on earth to which it was to warm and soften.

"If I may ride with you, Citizen Evrémonde, will you let me hold your hand? I am not afraid, but I am little and weak, and it will give me more courage."

As the patient eyes were lifted to his face, he saw a sudden doubt in them, and then astonishment. He pressed the work-worn, hunger-worn young fingers to his lips.

"Are you dying for him?"

"And his wife and child. Hush! Yes."

"Oh! you will let me hold your brave hand, stranger?"

"Hush! Yes, my poor sister; to the last."

Of the riders in the tumbrils, some, seated with drooping heads, are sunk in silent despair; several close their eyes, and think, or try to get their straying thoughts together. Only one, and he a miserable creature of a crazed aspect, is so shattered and made drunk by horror that he sings, and tries to dance. Not one of the whole number appeals, by look or gesture, to the pity of the people.

The clocks are on the stroke of three, and the furrow ploughed among the populace is turning round, to come on into the place of execution, and end. The ridges thrown to this side and to that now crumble in and close behind the last plough as it passes on, for all are following to the guillotine. In front of it, seated in chairs, as in a garden of public diversion, are a number of women busily knitting. On one of the foremost chairs stands *The Vengeance*.

As she descends from her elevation the tumbrils begin to discharge their loads. The ministers of *Sainte Guillotine* are robed and ready. Crash!—A head is held up, and the knitting-women, who scarcely lifted their eyes to look at it a moment ago when it could think and speak, count one.

The second tumbril empties and moves on; the third comes up. Crash!—And the knitting-women, never faltering or pausing in their work, count two.

The supposed *Evrémonde* descends, and the seamstress is lifted out next after him. He has not relinquished her patient hand in getting out, but still holds it as he promised. He gently places her with her back to the crashing engine that constantly whirrs up and falls, and she looks into his face and thanks him.

“But for you, dear stranger, I should not

be so composed, for I am naturally a poor little thing, faint of heart, nor should I have been able to raise my thoughts to Him who was put to death that we might have hope and comfort here to-day. I think you were sent to me by Heaven."

"Or you to me. Keep your eyes upon me, dear child, and mind no other object."

"I mind nothing while I hold your hand. I shall mind nothing when I let it go, if they are rapid."

"They will be rapid. Fear not!"

The two stand in the fast-thinning throng of victims, but they speak as if they were alone. Eye to eye, voice to voice, hand to hand, heart to heart, these two children of the Universal Mother, else so wide apart and differing, have come together on the dark highway, to repair home together, and to rest in her bosom.

"Is the moment come? Am I to kiss you now?"

"Yes."

She kisses his lips; he kisses hers; they solemnly bless each other. The spare hand does not tremble as he releases it; nothing worse than a sweet, bright constancy is in the patient face. She goes next before him—is gone; the knitting-women count twenty-two.

The murmuring of many voices, the

upturning of many faces, the pressing on of many footsteps in the outskirts of the crowd, so that it swells forward in a mass, like one great heave of water, all flashes away. Twenty-three.

They said of him about the city that night that it was the peace fullest man's face ever beheld there. Many added that he looked sublime and prophetic.



THE BATTLE OF NASEBY.

BY LORD MACAULAY.

[The battle of Naseby was fought June 14, 1645. It was the decisive battle of the civil war in England and sealed the fate of Charles I. The battle was going against the Parliamentary army and Prince Rupert seemed about to turn defeat into a rout, when Oliver Cromwell made a charge with his famous regiment known as the "Ironsides," which turned the tide and won the day for the Parliament. The poem is written as if by a sergeant in the Parliamentary army whom Macaulay, in allusion to the custom of the time in taking extraordinary Biblical names, calls "Obadiah Bind-their-kings-in-chains-and-their-nobles-with-links-of-iron," a sergeant in Ireton's regiment]

Oh! wherefore come ye forth, in triumph from
the North,

With your hands, and your feet, and your rai-
ment all red?

And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joy-
ous shout?

And whence be the grapes of the wine-press
which ye tread?

Oh, evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,

And crimson was the juice of the vintage that
we trod;

For we trampled on the throng of the haughty
and the strong,
Who sat in the high places, and slew the
saints of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day of June,
That we saw their banners dance, and their cui-
rasses shine,
And the Man of Blood was there, with his long
essenced hair.
And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of
the Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and
his sword,
The general rode along us to form us to the
fight,
When a murmuring sound broke out, and swell'd
into a shout,
Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's
right.

And hark! like the roar of the billows on the
shore,
The cry of battle rises along their charging
line!
For God! for the cause! for the Church! for the
laws!
For Charles, King of England, and Rupert of
the Rhine!

The furious German comes, with his clarions and
his drums,
His bravoës of Alsatia, and pages of Whitehall;
They are bursting on our flanks. Grasp your
pikes, close your ranks;
For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to
fall.

They are here! They rush on! We are broken!
We are gone! Our left is borne before them
like stubble on the blast.
O Lord, put forth thy might! O Lord, defend
the right!
Stand back to back, in God's name, and fight
it to the last.

Stout Skippon hath a wound; the centre hath
given ground:
Hark! hark! What means the trampling of
horsemen on our rear?
Whose banner do I see, boys? 'Tis he, thank
God, 'tis he, boys.
Bear up another minute: brave Oliver is here.

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in
a row,
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on
the dykes,
Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the
Accurst,
And at a shock have scattered the forest of his
pikes.

Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe nook to
hide
Their coward heads, predestined to rot on
Temple Bar;
And he—he turns, he flies;—shame on those
cruel eyes
That bore to look on torture, and dare not look
on war.

Fools! your doublets shone with gold, and your
hearts were gay and bold,
When you kissed your lily hands to your lemans
to-day;

And to-morrow shall the fox, from her chambers
in the rocks,
Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey.

Where be your tongues that late mocked at heaven
and hell and fate,
And the fingers that once were so busy with
your blades,
Your perfum'd satin clothes, your catches and
your oaths,
Your stage plays and your sonnets, your dia-
monds and your spades?

Down, down, for ever down with the mitre and
the crown,
With the Belial of the Court and the Mammon
of the Pope;
There is woe in Oxford halls: there is wail in
Durham's stalls:
The Jesuit smites his bosom: the Bishop rends
his cope.

And She of the seven hills shall mourn her chil-
dren's ills,
And tremble when she thinks on the edge of
England's sword;
And the Kings of earth in fear shall shudder when
they hear
What the hand of God hath wrought for the
Houses and the Word.



WHEN THE LIGHT GOES OUT.

BY HARRY S. CHESTER.

Tho' yer lamp o' life is burnin' with a clear and
steady light,
An' it never seems ter flicker, but it's allers
shinin' bright;

Tho' it sheds its rays unbroken for a thousand
 happy days—
 Father Time is ever turnin' down the wick that
 feeds her blaze.
 So it clearly is yer duty ef you've got a thing to
 do
 Ter put yer shoulder to ther wheel an' try to push
 her through;
 Ef yer upon a wayward track you better turn
 about—
 You've lost ther chance to do it
 When the
 Light
 Goes
 Out.

Speak kindly to the woman who is working fer
 yer praise,
 Ther same way as you used ter in those happy
 courtin' days;
 She likes appreciation just the same ez me an'
 you,
 And it's only right and proper that yer give her
 what is due.
 Don't wait until her lamp o' life is burnin' dim
 an' low,
 Afore you tell her what you orter told her long
 ago—
 Now's ther time ter cheer her up an' put her
 blues to rout—
 You've lost ther chance to do it
 When the
 Light
 Goes
 Out.

Don't keep a-puttin' matters off an' settin' dates
 ahead—
 To-morrow's sun'll find a hundred thousand of
 us dead;

Don't think because yer feelin' well you won't
be sick no more—

Sometimes the reddist pippin has a worm-hole to
the core.

Don't let a killin' habit grow upon you soft and
still

Because you think thet you ken throw it from
you at your will—

Now's ther time ter quit it when yer feelin'
brave an' stout—

You've lost ther chance to do it

When the

Light

Goes

Out.

I'd rather die with nothin' then ter hev ther
people say

That I had got my money in a robbin', graspin'
way;

No words above my restin' place from any
tongue or pen

Would hev a deeper meanin' than "He helped
his fellowmen."

So ef you hev a fortune and you want to help the
poor,

Don't keep a-stavin' off until you get a little
more;

Ef yer upon a miser's track you better turn
about—

Yer record keeps on burnin'

When the

Light

Goes

Out.

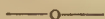
THE YOUNG SCHOLAR.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

I should think myself a criminal if I said anything to chill the enthusiasm of the young scholar, or to dash with any scepticism his longing and his hope. He has chosen the highest. His beautiful faith, and his aspiration, are the light of life. Without his fresh enthusiasm, and his gallant devotion to learning, to art, to culture, the world would be dreary enough.

Through him comes the ever-springing inspiration in affairs. Baffled at every turn, and driven defeated from a hundred fields, he carries victory in himself. He belongs to a great and immortal army. Let him not be discouraged at his apparent little influence, even though every sally of every young life may seem like a forlorn hope. No man can see the whole of the battle. It must needs be that regiment after regiment, trained, accomplished, gay and high with hope, shall be sent into the field, marching on, into the smoke, into the fire, and be swept away. The battle swallows them, one after the other, and the foe is yet unyielding, and the ever-remorseless trumpet calls for more and more. But not in vain; for some day, and every day, along the line, there is a cry, "They fly,

they fly!" And the whole army advances, and the flag is planted on an ancient fortress, where it never waved before. And even if you never see this, better than inglorious camp-following, is it to go in with the wasting regiment, to carry the colors up the slope of the enemy's works, though the next moment you fall and find a grave at the foot of the glacis.



JERRY.

BY MARY L. DICKINSON.

"Buy a paper, plaze? She is frozen, a'most,
Here's Commercial and News and Mail,
And here's the Express and the Avening Post,
And iveryone has a terrible tale,—
A shipwreck,—a murther,—a fire-alarm,—
Whichiver you loike. Have a paper, marm?
Thin buy it, plaze, av this bit av a gurrul—
She's new in the business and all of a whirrul;
We must lind her a hand," said little Jerry:
"There's a plinty av thrade at the Fulton Ferry.

"She's wakely for nade av the tay and the toast—
The price of a paper—plaze, sir, buy a Post?
Thrue as me name it is Jeremiah,
There's a foine report av a dridful fire,—
And a child that's lost,—and a smash av a
train;—
Indade, sir, the paper's just groanin' wid pain!
Spake up, little gurrul, and don't be afraid!
I'm schraichin' for two till I start yez in trade.
While I yell, you can sell," said little Jerry,
Screeching for two at Fulton Ferry.

The night was bleak, and the wind was high,
And a hurrying crowd went shivering by;
And some bought papers and some bought none,
But the boy's shrill voice rang cheerily on:
"Buy a Post, or a News, or a Mail, as you choose,
For my arm just aches wid the weight av the
news.

Express? Not a single one left for to-night,—
But buy one of this little gurrul, sir—all right.
She's a reg'lar seller here at the ferry,
And I rickomind her high," said Jerry.

In the whirl of the throng there paused a man.
"The bell is ringing—I cannot wait;
Here, girl, a Commercial as quick as you can!
The boat is starting—don't make me late!"
And on through the hurrying crowd he ran,
The wee girl following close behind,
After the penny he could not find;
While, with a spring through the closing gate,
After her money bounded Jerry,
Ragged and panting, at Fulton Ferry.

"One cent from the man in the big fur coat!
Give me the change, or I'll stop the boat."
Up from the deck a laugh and a cheer.
It changed to a shuddering cry of fear
As he bent his head for the fearful spring,
And then,—like a wild bird on the wing,—
Over the whirling waters swung,
Touched the boat with his hands, and clung,
Gasping and white, to the rail, and cried:
"Where is that mean old man, who tried
To steal one cent from a girl at the ferry—
A poor little girl, with no friend but Jerry?"

Over the side went a hundred hands,
From a hundred mouths rang forth commands:

“Pull him in!” “Stop the boat!” “Take his stock!” “Let us buy All the papers he has!” “Send him home to get dry!”

“No, indade,” said the boy—“that’s not w’at I meant;

I doant want yer money; I want that one cent
From the man in the warr’m fur coat an’ hat,
Who could shteel a cent from a gurrul like that!
Af iver he tries that game agin,
He’d betther take me, and not Margery Flynn!”
Then cheer on cheer for little Jerry
Rang across the Fulton Ferry.

Long ago, my youthful readers,
Happened this that I have told;
Long ago that sturdy newsboy
All his daily papers sold.
And the pluck that dared a ducking
To set right a weak one’s wrong,
Served him well in every struggle;
And his life, both kind and strong,
Is a blessing and a comfort
To a world of needy boys
Who, like him, must work in play-time
With boot brushes for their toys.
But around the Fulton Ferry,
Still the newsboys talk of Jerry.



THREE FISHERS WENT SAILING.

BY REV. C. KINGSLEY.

Three fishers went sailing out into the West,
Out into the west as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him best,
And the children stood watching them out of
the town:

For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And they trimm'd the lamps as the sun went
down;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the
shower,
And the night rack came rolling up ragged and
brown;
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lie out in the shining sands,
In the morning gleam, as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their
hands,
For those who will never come home to the
town.
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.



THANATOPSIS.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language: for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight

Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart,
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice: Yet a few days and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form is laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall
claim

Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thine eternal resting place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world,—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured
round all,

Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,

Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings,—yet, the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw
Unheeded by the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure! All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall
come

And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glides away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who
goes

In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
The bowed with age, the infant in the smiles
And beauty of its innocent age cut off,
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those who, in their turn, shall follow them.
So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and
soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

DISPUTE IN THE PRESBYTERY.

BY S. R. CROCKETT.

[From the Stickit Minister.]

When I cam' hame from my first presbytery at Pitscottie, the wife was awfu' keen to ken a' that had passed, for she said, "If it's sae graun' to listen to yae minister on Sabbath, what maun it no be to hear a dizzen a' at yince?" But there was juist where my wife was mistaen that time whatever, for as a matter o' experience, it's a moral imposseelity to hear ony yin o' twal ministers when they are a' speakin' at yae time.

"Weel, the presbytery be't," says I, for I saw that my wife's patience, never verra lang at the best, was comin' near an end. I ken the length o't to a hair, as by this time I hae a good richt to do. "Weel, the coort met an' was constitutit."

"What's that?" asked Rob Adair.

"Fegs, I do not ken; ye'll hae to ask the clerk, it was him that said it," says I, "an' then there was reports, an' strings o' feegures like laddies' coonts (sums); but naebody payed muckle attention, but talkit to their neighbors till the clerk caaed 'Order!' Then they were quait for half a meenit, an' syne at it again. 'Deed the clerk talkit too when he didna mind."

“Deer sirce, an’ that’s a presbytery. I thocht it was like a week o’ sacraments!” said my wife.

“Verra far frae that,” says I, “for o’ a’ the craiteurs to fecht, doos an’ ministers are the maist quarrelsome.”

“Did oor minister fecht?” asked the mistress, verra pointed.

“Na; he was raither a peacemaker, so to speak,” says I, cautious like; “of coorse a man haes whiles to speak his mind.”

“Ow! he’s the wee white hen that never lays away, oor minister, I ken,” says she, dried like.

“Weel, in a wee it came on to the leec-énsin’, an’ the laddie frae Enbra’ was bidden to step in alang wi’ twa ither lads frae the neeborhood that had compleetit their studies at the college. The Enbra’ laddie had been an unco graun’ scholar—had gotten the Knox Fellowship, I think they caaed it, an’ was noo gaun oot to be a missionar’ to the haythen. So afore they could let him gang, they bood examine him on the Hebrew an’ Laitin, an’ ither langwiges that naebody speaks noo. I wasna lang in seein’ that the lad kenned mair than maybes a’ the presbytery pitten thegither. (‘Surely no’ than yer ain minister!’ pat in my wife.) An’ for the life o’ me I couldna see what they could fin’ faut

wi'. The ither twa were nice lads aneuch, an' they hummered an' ha'ed through some gate, but the Enbra' lad never made a stammer, an' had his answers oot afore they could read their quastions off the paper."

"But I thocht that they war a' sair again the paper," said my wife.

"Weel, sae they maistly are, but some o' them are maybes a wee mair comfortable wi' a bit note when it comes to the Greek an' the Laitin.

"At ony rate, it wasna till they cam' to the discoorses that there was ony o' the kin' o' din that oor minister was sae feared o'. The laddie was askit to read yin o' his discoorses—I kenna what it was aboot, something onywyie that he had wraitten in the Laitin, but was askit to read in the English as bein' mair convenienter for the presbytery.

"He wasna half-way through when up gets Maister Begbie frae Soorkirk, mighty dour-lookin', an' he says, 'I'll no' sit in this presbytery an' listen to ony siccan doctrine, frae a Knox Fella' or ony ither fella'!' says he.

"An' wi' that Maister Pitbye o' the Dullarg gat himsel' on his legs; 'I canna help thinkin',' says he, 'that we wad not hev been asked to license the young man noo afore us if he had been considered

soun' in the faith in his ain presbytery. There maun be something sore wrang,' he says.

"A' this time the young man had been standin' wi' a face like daith, his lips workin', tryin' to get a word in, an' oor minister haudin' him by the coat tails, an' tellin' him for ony sake to sit doon, that there war plenty there to speak for him. But he got awa' frae the minister an' juist on Maister Pitbye's heels he spoke oot, 'May I say that this discoorse has passed through Professor Robertson's hauns and has received his approval.'

"Oor minister sat back wi' a look in his face as muckle as to say, 'Ye hae done for't noo, young man!' Then there was a din to speak about. There was Maister Bangour frae Muldow, an' he was a wild man this day. 'Professor Robison, indeed! I'll learn you, young man, that Professor Robison has nae standin' i' the presbytery o' Pitscottie, an' faith, if he had, we wad libel him this verra day, for he's a rank heretic, leadin' the young men o' oor kirk astray efter strange gods! Ay, an' I wull testifee—'

"'Sit doon,' says Forbes, the new-placed minister o' the Pits, him that the collier lads like so weel; 'testifee in your ain pairish, if you want to testifee! Talk

sense here!' says he. Forbes is a determined North countryman as dour an' radical as fire, that got scunnered at hame wi' the mair auld-fashioned o' his brethern o' the kirk. He's no' a great respecter o' persons, neyther. He looks as if he had focht mony battles in his day, and by his set teeth I could see he was bidin' his time for anither.

"Richt gled was I that he didna mean to set them in me.

"By this time the fiery young minister frae the Shaws was on his feet, and wi' the strongest words an' a power o' gestures, he was layin' intil them on the ither side. An' they were speakin' aye back till ye couldna tell what was what. But I watched Forbes bidin' his time wi' a face like a grew (greyhound) when he sees the hare but canna get slippit.

"There was the verra sma'est calm, an then like a shot therè was Maister Forbes at the table. Some o' them cried, 'Hear Mr. Girmory,' but Forbes said:

"'No, Maister Begbie, ye'll be hearin' me the noo. Ye are makkin' bonny fules o' yerself.'"

"'My conscience!' said my wife, who was listening with her whole being, 'was he no' blate to say that to ministers?'

"Hoots, woman, that's nocht to what he said efter.

“ ‘Ye are pittin’ a premium on mediocrity,’ he says. ‘Thae ither twa chaps ye let through without a word, though they stammered like a boy new into the ten-penny. But ye settled on this lad because he was clever, an’ wrote what he thocht himsel’, an’ didna juist tak’ twa-three pages frae a sermon o’ Spurgeon’s, or water doon the Shorter’s Quastions,’ says he. ‘As for you,’ he says, turnin’ sharp to Maister Pitbye, ‘ye are speakin’ on a quastion ye ken nocht about ava. An’ ye are weel aware ye ken nocht about it. Gae hame, man,’ he says, ‘an’ read yer Calvin, or buy a Turretin an’ read him, an’ then come back an’ gie us an opeenion worth listenin’ to on a theological subject.’ ”

“ ‘Order, order!’ said the clerk; but the moderator said naething, for he didna want Forbes doun on him.

“ ‘I’ll no’ be spoken to in that mainner. I’ve never listened to sic’ words in my life,’ said Maister Pitbye.

“ ‘The mair’s the peety,’ says Maister Forbes; ‘it’s time ye did—but better late than never!’ ”

“ ‘I move we proceed to license,’ says oor minister, verra quaite; so efter a show o’ hands, an’ a bit grummle, they juist did that; but there was some warm wark efter the young men had gaen oot, an’ yince it

lookit as if the neeves nicht sune be goin'; but it cleared up verra sudden, and when a' was dune, and they cam' oot, they war a' as thick as thieves—an' Maister Bourtree, nae less, gaed roon shakin' hands wi' everybody, an' sayin', 'Whatna graun' day we've had the day; there's been some life in Pitscottie presbytery this day, something worth comin' doun frae Muldow for!'

"But I'm no' so sure that it was as great fun for the puir lad frae Enbra'. He said to mysel' he was glad he was gaun awa' to the Cannibal Islands, an' no settling in oor pairt o' the country."



DANIEL GRAY.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

If I shall ever win the home in heaven
For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and pray,
In the great company of the forgiven
I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.

I knew him well; in truth, few knew him better;
For my young eyes oft read for him the Word,
And saw how meekly from the crystal letter
He drank the life of his beloved Lord.

Old Daniel Gray was not a man who lifted
On ready words his freight of gratitude,
Nor was he called among the gifted,
In the prayer meetings of his neighborhood.

He had a few old-fashioned words and phrases,
Linked in with sacred texts and Sunday
rhymes;
And I suppose that in his prayers and graces,
I've heard them all at least a thousand times.

I see him now—his form, his face, his motions,
His homespun habit, and his silver hair,—
And hear the language of his trite devotions,
Rising behind the straight-backed kitchen
chair.

I can remember how the sentence sounded—
“Help us, O Lord, to pray and not to faint!”
And how the “conquering-and-to-conquer”
rounded
The loftier aspirations of the saint.

He had some notions that did not improve him.
He never kissed his children—so they say;
And finest scenes and fairest flowers would move
him
Less than a horse-shoe picked up in the way.

He had a hearty hatred of oppression,
And righteous words for sin of every kind;
Alas, that the transgressor and transgression
Were linked so closely in his honest mind!

He could see naught but vanity in beauty,
And naught but weakness in a fond caress,
And pitied men whose views of Christian duty
Allowed indulgence in such foolishness.

Yet there were love and tenderness within him;
And I am told that when his Charley died,
Nor nature's need nor gentle words could win
him
From his fond vigils at the sleeper's side.

And when they came to bury little Charley,
They found fresh dew-drops sprinkled in his
hair,
And on his breast a rosebud gathered early,
And guessed, but did not know who placed it
there.

Honest and faithful, constant in his calling,
Strictly attendant on the means of grace,
Instant in prayer, and fearful most of falling,
Old Daniel Gray was always in his place.

A practical old man, and yet a dreamer,
He thought that in some strange, unlooked-for
way
His mighty friend in heaven, the great Re-
deemer,
Would honor him with wealth some golden day.

This dream he carried in a hopeful spirit
Until in death his patient eye grew dim,
And his Redeemer called him to inherit
The heaven of wealth long garnered up for him.

So, if I ever win the home in heaven
For whose sweet rest I humbly hope and pray,
In the great company of the forgiven
I shall be sure to find old Daniel Gray.

—o—

A CHALLENGE.

BY JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY.

“Good-night,” he said, and he held her hand,
In a hesitating way,
And hoped that her eyes would understand
What his tongue refused to say.

He held her hand, and he murmured low :

“I’m sorry to go like this.

It seems so frigidly cool, you know,

This ‘Mister’ of ours, and ‘Miss.’

“I thought—perchance—” and he paused to note

If she seemed inclined to frown,

But the light in her eyes his heartstrings smote,

As she blushing looked down.

She spoke no word, but she picked a speck

Of dust from his coat lapel ;

So small, such a wee, little, tiny fleck,

’Twas a wonder she saw so well ;

But it brought her face so very near,

In that dim uncertain light,

That the thought, unspoken, was made quite
clear,

And I know ’twas a sweet “Good-night.”



EDELWEISS.

BY MARY L. DICKINSON.

By Alpine road, beneath an old fir tree,

Two children waited patiently for hours ;

One slept, and then the elder on her knee

Made place for baby head among her flowers.

And to the strangers, climbing tired and slow,

She called, “Buy roses, please,” in accents
mild,

As if she feared the echo, soft and low,

Of her own voice might wake the sleeping
child.

And many came and passed, and answered not
The pleading of that young, uplifted face,
While in each loiterer's memory of the spot,
Dwelt this fair picture full of patient grace.

And one took offered flowers with gentle hand,
And met with kindly glance the timid eyes,
And said, in tones that children understand,
"My little girl, have you the Edelweiss?"

"Oh! not to-day, dear lady," said the child,
"I cannot leave my little sister long;
I cannot carry her across the wild;
She grows large faster than my arms grow
strong.

"If you stay on the mountain all the night,
At morning I will run across the steep
And get the mossy flowers ere sun is bright,
And while my baby still is fast asleep."

"Your baby, little one?" "Oh! yes," she said,
"Yonder, you see that old stone tower shine?
There, in the churchyard, lies my mother,
dead,
And since she died the baby has been mine."

Soft shone the lady's eyes with tender mist,
And ever, as she pressed toward fields of ice,
She pondered in her heart the half-made tryst
With this young seeker of the Edelweiss.

At night, safe sheltered in the convent's fold,
Where white peaks stand in ermined majesty,
Where sunsets pour great throbbing waves of
gold
Across the white caps of a mountain sea;

At morn, with face subdued and reverent tone,
Slow winding down, with spirit hushed and
awed

As from a vision of the great white throne,
Or veil half-lifted from the face of God.

* * * * *

Once more there drifted 'cross the face the mist;
Once more, with trembling soul and tender eyes,
She hurried on to keep the half-made tryst,
To meet the child, to claim the Edelweiss.

Nearer she came and nearer every hour,
Her heart-beat answering quick the deep bell's
call;

It led her to the shadow of the tower,
The shining tower beside the churchyard wall.

She found her there—a cross rose at her feet,
And burning tapers glimmered at her head;
Her white hands clinging still to blossoms sweet,
And God's peace on her face; the child was
dead.

Quaint carven saints and martyrs stood around.
Each clasped the symbol of his sacrifice;
But this fair child, in saintly sweetness crowned,
Held, as they held the cross, her Edelweiss.

Early that morn a shepherd, on the height,
In cleft of rocks sought shelter from the cold,
And there he found this lamb, all still and white,
Entered already to the heavenly fold.

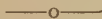
The Edelweiss grew on that rocky steep;
The brave child-feet had climbed too fast and
far;
And so had come to her this blessed sleep,
This blessed waking 'neath the morning star.

The light within the little church grew dim,
And, ere the last gleam faded in the west,
While childish voices sang the vesper hymn
A lady, with a babe upon her breast,

Crept silently adown the shadowy aisle,
And, kneeling, bathed with tears the hand of
ice,
And laid it on the babe, and saw it smile,
And whispered, "I have named her Edel-
weiss!"

When one more day had seen its shadows fall,
That old stone tower gleaming in the sun,
And the great olive by the western wall,
Shaded two humble graves where had been one.

And by and by, above the dear child's head,
Arose a little stone with quaint device.
When summer blossoms died around the bed,
A marble hand grasped still the Edelweiss.



HARD LINES.

It's hard to live a saint on whey,
When sinners drink the cream;
It's hard to be a middlin' man,
When a great man ye might seem.

It's hard to lift your hat to him
Ye ken to be a rogue;
It's hard to gie a doonricht "no"
To what is maist in vogue.

It's hard to speak the truth when lies
Would earn you power and place;
When Providence gies scanty fare,
To say a hearty grace.

It's hard to be an honest man,
When rascals rule the roast;
It's hard to make self-sacrifice,
And yet to make no boast.

It's hard to hear lang-winded men
Hold forth your ain conviction,
And not, in sheer disgust, at last,
To gie it contradiction.

It's hard to see mere money-bags
Tak' precedence of brains;
To find broadcloth will win a place
That broad sense never gains.

It's hard to hear some preachers ban
'Gainst worldliness and wine,
When a' the time, ye brawly ken,
They're o' anither min'.

It's hard to be a man at a',
And waur to be a woman,
But things will maybe tak' a turn,
So better days are comin'.

—o—

WHAT IS A MINORITY?

BY JOHN B. GOUGH.

What is a minority? The chosen heroes of this earth have been in a minority. There is not a social, political, or religious privilege that you enjoy to-day that was not bought for you by the blood and tears and patient sufferings of the minority. It is the minority that have vindicated

humanity in every struggle. It is a minority that have stood in the van of every moral conflict, and achieved all that is noble in the history of the world.

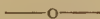
You will find that each generation has always been busy in gathering up the scattered ashes of the martyred heroes of the past, to deposit them in the golden urn of a nation's history. Look at Scotland, where they are erecting monuments—to whom? To the Covenanters. Ah! they were in a minority! Read their history if you can without the blood tingling to the tips of your fingers. These were the minority that, through blood and tears and hootings and scourgings—dyeing the waters with their blood, and staining the heather with their gore—fought the glorious battle of religious freedom.

Minority! If a man stand up for the right, though he eat, with the right and truth, a wretched crust; if he walk with obloquy and scorn in the by lanes and streets, while falsehood and wrong parade in silken attire, let him remember that wherever the right and truth are, there are always

“Troops of beautiful, tall angels”

gathered round him; and God Himself stands within the dim future and keeps

watch over His own! If a man stands for the right and truth, though every man's finger be pointed at him, though every woman's lip be curled at him in scorn, he stands in a majority, for God and good angels are with him, and greater are they that are for him than all that be against!



THE OLD SCHOOL HOUSE.

BY JOHN H. YATES.

They've left the school house, Charlie, where
 years ago we sat
And shot our paper bullets at the master's time-
 worn hat;
The hook is gone on which it hung, the master
 sleepeth now
Where schoolboy tricks can never cast a shadow
 o'er his brow.

They've built a new, imposing one—the pride of
 all the town,
And laughing lads and lassies go its broad steps
 up and down;
A tower crowns its summit, with a new, a mon-
 ster bell,
That youthful ears, in distant homes, may hear
 its music swell.

I'm sitting in the old one, with its battered,
 hingeless door;
The windows all are broken, and the stones lie
 on the floor;

I, alone, of all the merry boys that romped and
studied here,
Remain to see it battered up and left so lone and
drear.

I'm sitting on the same old bench where we sat
side by side
And carved our names upon the bench when not
by master eyed;
Since then a dozen boys have sought their great
skill to display,
And like the footprints on the sand, our names
have passed away.

'Twas here we learned to conjugate "amo, amas,
amat,"
While glances from the lassies made our hearts go
pit-a-pat;
'Twas here we fell in love, you know, with girls
who looked us through—
Yours with her piercing eyes of black, and mine
with eyes of blue.

Our sweethearts—pretty girls were they—to us
how very dear—
Bow down your head with me, my boy, and shed
for them a tear;
With them the earthly school is out; each lovely
maid now stands
Before the one Great Master, in the house not
made with hands.

You tell me you are far out West, a lawyer deep
in laws,
With Joe who sat behind us here and tickled us
with straws;
Look out for number one, boys; may wealth come
at your touch,
But with your long, strong legal straws, don't
tickle men too much.

Here, to the right, sat Jimmy Jones—you must
remember Jim—
He's teaching now, and punishing, as master
punished him;
What an unlucky lad he was! his sky was dark
with woes;
Whoever did the sinning, it was Jim who got the
blows.

Those days are all gone by, my boys; life's hills
we're going down,
With here and there a silver hair amid the school-
boy brown;
But memory can never die; so we'll talk o'er the
joys
We shared together, in this house, when you and
I were boys.

Though ruthless hands may tear it down—this
lone house, old and drear—
They'll not destroy the characters that started out
from here;
Time's angry waves may sweep the shore and
wash out all beside—
Bright as the stars that shine above, they shall for
aye abide.

I've seen the new house, Charlie; 'tis the pride
of all the town,
And laughing lads and lassies go its broad steps
up and down;
But you nor I, my dear old friend, can't love it
half so well
As this condemned, forsaken one, with cracked
and tongueless bell.

A FLY'S COGITATIONS.

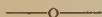
I wonder what this man is doing? I'll just light on his bald head and see if I can hear what is going on in his thinkery. What! Now, I wonder what he slapped his pate so savagely for? Why, the man must be crazy. I went away just as quick as I saw him raise his hand. Really, he could not complain of that. Maybe he thought I was intruding, but if so, he cannot say but that I lit out at his first hint. But he seems quiet enough now. Maybe his scalp itched or something, and his movement had no reference to my being on it, so I guess I will try it again. What a nice old bald head this is, to be sure, only it's a trifle slippery. It would make a first-rate skating rink; guess I will try it. Whew! Why, the man hit his head again. Funny way he has with him; and if I hadn't got out of the way just as I did, goodness only knows what might have happened me. He struck real hard, and if he had hit me there is no knowing but that he might have hurt me. But maybe he hadn't any idea of hitting me. I guess I'll just light on his nose and see what the matter is with him. What! Why, he seems to be an awfully sensitive sort of a man, or else

he has got a dreadful temper. Why, he actually hit his own nose a slap just because I crawled around on it a bit. Queer sort of a chap, anyway. Wonder if he thinks a fly has no rights in this world? Now, I will try him in the ear. Ah! I have got him now! Good gracious! he came within an ace of hitting me that time. Wonder what he means, anyhow? I should think he was mad about something. I'll try his other ear and see how he likes that. Ah! he don't seem to mind this one so much. Ah! by Jingo, he must have hurt himself that time with that bat on the ear. But it's his ear, not mine, so what should I care? I think I'll fly around the room! See him flop and fling his arms around as though the air was full of flying demons. Funny, isn't it? He don't see me up here, but he is looking wildly around as though he wanted to fight somebody. Oh! I'll just try his temper a bit further; I'll get on where his hair is short behind. Ah! I'll fool around here in this stubble awhile. Now he flops his handkerchief, but I don't care for that. I can get away from a demonstration of that kind every time. Now I have got him on the ear again, and once more he paws the air in the immediate vicinity, but I am out of harm's way, ha! ha! Now he is red in the

face; yes, he looks like a boiled lobster, and again he is dancing around the room and swearing like a trooper! Now he has quieted down a trifle and has resumed writing again! Ah! he smiles! Must be he has got on to an idea. I wonder what it is? I'll just take a quiet walk over that thinkery again, and maybe I can catch on to what it is. What in the world is he making his scalp go this way for? I would think he was trying to shake something off. Oh! I'll just get a grip on here and hold on for awhile. No, he can't shake me off; no, no! Ah——!

'There was a resounding whack—that lively fly, oh! where was he?

Dead.



BETSY AND I ARE OUT.

Draw up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good
and stout,
For things at home are cross-ways, and Betsy and
I are out,—
We who have worked together so long as man
and wife,
Must pull in single harness the rest of our nat'ral
life.

"What is the matter," says you? I swan! it's
hard to tell!

Most of the years behind us we've passed by very
well;

I have no other woman—she has no other man;
Only we've lived together as long as ever we can.

So I have talked with Betsy, and Betsy has talked
with me;
And we have agreed together, that we can never
agree;
Not that we've catched each other in any terrible
crime,
We've been a-gatherin' this for years, a little at
a time.

There was a stock of temper we both had for a
start;
Although we ne'er suspected 'twould take us
two apart;
I had my various failings, bred in the flesh and
bone,
And Betsy, like all good women, had a temper of
her own.

The first thing I remember, whereon we disa-
greed,
Was somethin' concerning heaven—a difference
in our creed;
We arg'ed the thing at breakfast—we arg'ed the
thing at tea—
And the more we arg'ed the question, the more
we couldn't agree.

And the next that I remember was when we lost
a cow;
She had kicked the bucket, for certain—the
question was only—How?
I held my opinion, and Betsy another had;
And when we were done a-talkin', we both of us
was mad.

And the next that I remember, it started in a
joke;
But for full a week it lasted and neither of us
spoke.

And the next was when I fretted because she
broke a bowl;
And she said I was mean and stingy, and hadn't
any soul.

And so the thing kept workin', and all the self-
same way;
Always something to arg'e and something sharp
to say,—
And down on us came the neighbors, a couple o'
dozen strong,
And lent their kindest sarvice to help the thing
along.

And there have been days together—and many a
weary week—
When both of us were cross and spunky, and
both too proud to speak;
And I have been thinkin' and thinkin', the
whole of the summer and fall,
If I can't live kind with a woman, why, then I
won't at all.

And so I have talked with Betsy, and Betsy has
talked with me;
And we have agreed together that we can never
agree;
And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine
shall be mine;
And I'll put it in the agreement and take it to
her to sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer—the very first para-
graph—
Of all the farm and live stock, she shall have her
half;
For she has helped to earn it, through many a
weary day,
An it's nothin' more than justice that Betsy has
her pay.

Give her the house and homestead—a man can
thrive and roam,
But women are wretched critters unless they have
a home.
And I have always determined, and never failed
to say,
That Betsy never should want a home, if I was
taken away.

There's a little hard money besides, that's
drawin' tol'erable pay,
A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy
day,—
Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get
at;
Put in another clause there, and give her all of
that.

I see that you are smiling, sir, at my givin' her
so much;
Yes, divorce is cheap, sir, but I take no stock in
such;
True and fair I married her, when she was blithe
and young,
And Betsy was always good to me, exceptin' with
her tongue.

When I was young as you, sir, and not so smart,
perhaps,
For me she mitted a lawyer, and several other
chaps;
And all of 'em was flustered, and fairly taken
down,
And for a time I was counted the luckiest man in
town.

Once, when I had a fever—I won't forget it
soon—
I was hot as a basted turkey and crazy as a loon—

Never an hour went by me, when she was out of
sight;
She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me
day and night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen
clean,
Her house and kitchen were tidy as any I ever
seen;
And I don't complain of Betsy or any of her acts,
Exceptin' when we've quarreled, and told each
other facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer; and I'll go home
to-night,
And read the agreement to her and see if it's all
right;
And then in the mornin' I'll sell to a tradin' man
I know—
And kiss the child that was left to us, and out in
the world I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first to me
didn't occur;
That when I'm dead at last she will bring me
back to her,
And lay me under the maple we planted years
ago,
When she and I were happy, before we quarreled
so.

And when she dies, I wish that she would be
laid by me;
And lyin' together in silence, perhaps we'll then
agree;
And if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't think
it queer
If we loved each other the better because we've
quarreled here.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

BY ELIZABETH H. J. CLEVELAND.

No vulture's eye hath seen the path,
Nor lion passed it by,
Far down the deep
Where dead men sleep
And where the prophet's eye
Looked through the veil of coming years,
And traced its narrow track,
And saw the light
So swift and bright
Go forward and go back
Along the line, the quivering line,
Where erst no path could be,
That men have made
And daring laid
Across the pathless sea.
There goes a steed
With lightning speed
Nor will his rider stay,
No rein hath he
Who fearlessly
Says to the deep—make way.
With tireless feet
The courser fleet
Goes down the rolling main,
But to our shore
He evermore
Comes rushing back again;
Glad tidings bearing near and far,
The sea hath passed away,
And hand to hand
The nations stand
One brotherhood to-day.

A SPELLING TROUBLE.

BY EDMUND J. BURK.

Nothing was heard in the library of the Ringwood household, but the intermittent scratching of a pen, wielded by the head of the house, who, with the aid of sundry manipulations, such as sprawling over the desk, shutting one eye, and allowing his tongue to hang out one corner of his mouth, was laboriously penning an epistle to a friend. His wife sat near him with her account-book before her, wrestling with the difficult problem, familiar to women, of subtracting forty-six dollars from forty, and getting a satisfactory remainder.

Presently Mr. Ringwood straightened himself up, and jamming his pen into the corner of his mouth previously occupied by his tongue, devoted himself to silent meditation. He contracted his brows and gazed fixedly at the wall of the library, and then far off into infinite space, in hopes of finding there some help, but it was in vain, and he was finally obliged to ask the help of his wife.

"Hun," said he, "how do you spell 'busy'?"

"Why, b-u-s-y. How else would you spell it?" answered his wife.

"That ain't right," said Roger. "That spells boosey. Don't you think it's b-u-i-s-y?"

"Of course it ain't, Roger," answered his wife, sharply. "It's b-u-s-y."

"Well," said Roger, "b-u-i-s spells biz, and I don't see why b-u-i-s-y don't spell bizzy."

"Well, it don't," answered Mrs. Ringwood.

"You can't spell it b-i-z-y, can you?" queried Roger.

"Why, no, certainly you can't," answered she. "It's b-u-z-y, and nothing else."

"B-u-z-y," repeated Roger. "Why, that spells boozy. It don't spell busy. How do you spell business?"

"B-i-z-z-i-n-e-s-s," promptly answered his wife, who, however, was a little unsettled on this point herself.

"Somehow or other that don't sound quite right," said Roger. "Are you sure it ain't b-i-s-n-e-s-s?"

"Certainly I'm sure," was the uncompromising answer.

Roger meditated over this for awhile, and then he said:

"How did you say you spelled it, Mariar?"

"Spelt what?" asked Maria, who, thinking the point settled, had returned to her abstruse calculations.

"Why, business," answered Roger.

"Oh! why-er-e b-u-z-z-i-n-e-s-s."

"Then how do you spell busy?"

"B-u-z-z-y, of course."

"That ain't what you said at first, Mariar," protested Roger.

"It is, Roger. I know it is. Do you think I don't know what I said?"

"No. But then b-u-z-z-y don't spell busy, does it?"

Mrs. Ringwood by this time began to lose her temper as well as her wits, and she replied recklessly:

"It don't make any difference what it spells, Roger Ringwood. I say it spells it!"

Roger meekly relapsed into silence, and devoted himself to further meditation, which only resulted in his forgetting how it was that Maria had spelt the word. So he ventured again:

"How was it you spelled it, Mariar?"

"B-I-S-E-Y! Do you want me to write it down?" replied his now thoroughly angered spouse.

"B-i-s-e-y," repeated Roger. "Don't you think it ought to have two s's, Mariar?"

"No, I don't think it ought to have two s's, or anything else. It's just right the way it is."

"Then b-i-s-e-n-e-s-s spells business?"

"No, it don't. It's b-u-z-z-i-n-e-s-s!" answered Maria.

"Now, surely that ain't right," argued Roger. "Because if b-i-s-e-y spells busy, then b-i-s-e-n-e-s-s must spell business."

"It don't, I say," answered Maria.

"And there's no use in your sitting there contradicting me. I know what I know, and I know that b-i-z-y spells busy, and b-i-s-n-e-s-s spells business. And don't you dare to say another word to me about it. So there."

"But, hun," persisted Roger, "you spelled it different from that before."

"I didn't, I didn't, and you're a brute for saying I did. Don't you think I know how to spell, you brute?"

"But Mariar—"

"Don't answer me another word!" screamed Maria in tears. "I know what you are trying to do. You're just trying to worry me to death. You don't love me any more, and you're trying to get rid of me. M-mother s-s-said I-I'd better n-not m-marry you, and I-I wish I-I hadn't. S-so there!"

"Now, Mariar," pleaded Roger, soothingly, "please don't. We won't say any more about it."

"I do!" she cried. "I do! I wish I was dead. I'll poison myself—some d-day, and then y-you'll be sorry!"

And with this prophecy, Maria rushed

from the room in tears, leaving Roger in a state of collapse, running against the servant girl, who was listening at the key hole.

"Confound the word!" exclaimed Roger, after she had gone. "It's a foolish word any way, and I don't see what people use it for. It only makes trouble. I'll use something else."

So, turning to his desk, he thought for awhile, and then wrote the following:

"I could not get down to see you last night, on account of numerous pressing duties connected with my commercial course, which it was necessary for me to perform immediately. Come and see us soon. Maria is enjoying splendid health, and we are as happy here as two kittens.

"Yours truly,

"ROGER RINGWOOD."

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

BY LORD TENNYSON.

[At the Battle of Balaklava during the Crimean War, owing to some error on the part of the general in command, the Light Brigade of the English Army was ordered to charge a battery of heavy guns. The way to it was through a valley lined on each side with Russian artillery. There is a dispute as to the responsibility for the order.]

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said;
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldiers knew
Some one had blundered!
Theirs not to make reply;
Theirs not to reason why;
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred!

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well;
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell,
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sab'ring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered!

Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre stroke,
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back; but not—
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them,
Volleyed and thundered:
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them—
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade ?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,—
Noble six hundred!

HOW MR. COVILLE COUNTED THE SHINGLES.

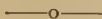
FROM THE DANBURY NEWS.

There are men who dispute what they do not understand. Mr. Coville is such a man. When he heard a carpenter say that there were so many shingles on the roof of his house, because the roof contained so many square feet, Coville doubted the figures; and, when the carpenter went away, he determined to test the matter, by going up on the roof and counting them. And he went up there. He squeezed through the scuttle—Coville weighs 230—and then sat down on the roof, and worked his way carefully and deliberately toward the gutter. When he got part way down, he heard a sound between him and the shingles, and became aware that there was an interference, some way, in further locomotion. He tried to turn over and crawl back, but the obstruction held him. Then he tried to move a little, in hopes that the trouble would prove but temporary, but an increased sound convinced him that either a nail or a sliver had hold of his cloth, and that if he would save any of it, he must use caution. His folks were in the house, but he did not make them hear, and besides

he didn't want to attract the attention of the neighbors. So he sat there until after dark and thought. It would have been an excellent opportunity to have counted the shingles, but he neglected to use it. His mind appeared to run in other channels. He sat there an hour after dark, seeing no one he could notify of his position. Then he saw two boys approaching the gate from the house, and reaching there, stop. It was light enough for him to see that one of the two was his son, and although he objected to having the other boy knowing of his misfortune, yet he had grown tired of holding on to the roof, and concluded he could bribe the strange boy into silence. With this arrangement mapped out, he took his knife and threw it so that it would strike near to the boys and attract their attention. It struck nearer than he anticipated. In fact, it struck so close as to hit the strange boy on the head, and nearly brained him. As soon as he recovered his equilibrium, he turned on Coville's boy, who, he was confident, had attempted to kill him, and introduced some astonishment and bruises in his face. Then he threw him down, and kicked him in the side, and banged him on the head, and drew him over into the gutter, and pounded his legs, and then hauled him back to the walk

again, and knocked his head against the gate. And all the while the elder Coville sat on the roof, and screamed for the police, but couldn't get away. And then Mrs. Coville dashed out with a broom, and contributed a few novel features to the affair at the gate, and one of the boarders dashed out with a double-barrel gun, and hearing the crier from the roof, looked up there, and espying a figure which was undoubtedly a burglar, drove a handful of shot into its legs. With a howl of agony, Coville made a plunge to dodge the missiles, freed himself from the nail, lost his hold to the roof, and went sailing down the shingles with awful velocity, both legs spread out, his hair on end, and his hands making desperate but fruitless efforts to save himself. He was so frightened that he lost his power of speech, and when he passed over the edge of the roof, with twenty feet of tin gutter hitched to him, the boarder gave him the contents of the other barrel, and then drove into the house to load up again. The unfortunate Coville struck into a cherry tree, and thence bounded to the ground, where he was recognized, picked up by the assembled neighbors, and carried into the house. A new doctor is making good day's wages picking the shot out of his legs. The boarder has gone into the country to

spend the summer, and the junior Coville, having sequestered a piece of brick in his handkerchief, is laying low for that other boy. He says, that before the calm of another Sabbath rests on New England, there will be another boy in Danbury who can't wear a cap.



THE BISHOP AND THE BABY.

BY MARGARET SANGSTER.

A poor little pale-faced baby,
Lost and hungry and cold,
With the chill wind pinching her tear-wet cheeks
And ruffling her bright hair's gold.

For just when the busy people
Were hurrying here and yon,
Buying their gifts for the Christmas tree,
Her mother was suddenly gone.

She did not cry, poor midget,
But lifted pitiful eyes
At the crowds of careless strangers,
At the gray, indifferent skies.

Jostled and pushed and frightened,
A tiny waif of the street,
With the wintry darkness falling,
And the snowflakes gathering fleet.

She was seen by a great kind giant;
With swinging stride he came;
Even then the angels in heaven
Wrote Saint before his name.

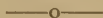
From the height of his splendid stature
He stooped to the little maid,
Lifted her up in tender arms,
And bade her not be afraid.

Against his broad breast nestled,
She clung like a soft spring flower
That a breeze had caught and carried
To a strong and sheltering tower.

In his thick, warm cloak he wrapped her,
The little shivering child.
"I'll find your mother, baby,"
The bishop said, and smiled.

That smile like a flash of the sunrise—
'Tis but a memory dim,
For the years are hastening onward,
And we are mourning him.

The white, cold snows are drifting
Where to-day he lies asleep.
After his life's long warfare
The soldier's rest is deep.



THE JESTER'S PRAYER.

BY EDWARD ROWLAND HILL.

The royal feast was done. The king
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool,
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"No pity, Lord, can change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool;
The rod must heal the sin: but Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept—
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung!
The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung!

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders—oh! in shame
Before the eyes of Heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will; but Thou, O Lord!
Be merciful to me, a fool."

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The king, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool."

